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### MOTIVES.

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THE subject of the following discussion is *Motives*—their *nature*, *laws*, and *influence*. In order to a proper understanding of this subject, it will be necessary to premise somewhat in regard to the more general subject of *mind*.

In prosecuting the science of mind, I have been led to consider it under three great departments: the *intellectual*, the *sentient*, and the *voluntary*. The first of these departments embraces the entire subject of our *ideas* or *thoughts*. It is here that ideas are first received; that they are retained; that they are recalled, considered, associated and compared. To this department of mind belongs what are commonly called the faculties of perception, conception, attention, memory, abstraction, imagination, reason, judgment.

The *sentient* department of mind includes the *sensibilities* or *feelings*. These are intimately connected with the understanding or intellectual part, and may be regarded as lying between the understanding and the will. In approaching an individual, with a view to influence him, we first come in contact with his understanding or intellect. We communicate ideas to him through the medium of the senses. But no sooner are ideas received into the understanding, than they begin to affect the sensibilities. They excite emotion; they awaken *feeling*, of some kind or other. In some cases, the process of influence stops here; but, in other cases, it does not. If the idea imparted to the understanding is of a nature to excite to voluntary action, it not only awakens feeling, but combining with this awakened feeling, it comes down with accumulated force upon the *will*: and voluntary exercise or action, of some kind, is the result.

But this introduces us to the third great department of mind:—the *voluntary*, the *will*. This is our grand moving faculty; the power, in the exercise of which we choose and refuse, we desire, purpose and resolve, and carry our resolutions into effect. It is the free exercise of our wills, under the influence of motives, which go to make up our moral characters. There is nothing pertaining to us, which is morally right or wrong, which is sinful or holy in the sight of God, which does not either belong to the will, or is not under its influence and control.

Under the general head of *motives*, in the sense in which we here use the term, we include whatever goes to *move* or *excite* the will. It is for this reason that they are called motives; they *move* the will. The first two great departments of mind—the *intellectual* and the *sentient*—are the region of motives. It is here that all motives, in the proper sense of the term, are found. The third great department or power of the mind, is that on which motives operate, or which motives have a tendency to excite or move.\*

I have said that the intellectual and sentient departments of mind embrace the whole region of motives, in the sense in which the term will be used in this discussion. It is here that those moral inducements are to be sought and found, which go to move or excite the will. Accordingly, we may speak of motives under *two general classes*, as they belong to one or the other of these great departments of the mind.

First, then, there is the class of *intellectual* motives; or as they are sometimes called, *external*, *objective* motives. These are thoughts, perceptions, recollections, *ideas* of some sort, in the mind, which operate to move the will. Some of these ideas are received directly through the senses. Thus the *sight* of the forbidden fruit was a motive to our first mother to take and eat of it. The *sight* of the rod, and still more, the *sense* of it, is a motive to the unruly child to submit to parental authority; the offer of a sum of money is a motive to the laborer to undertake his daily task; the seeing or hearing of a person in distress, is a motive to the humane to afford relief.

Some of our intellectual motives are not received directly through the outward senses. Thus, the *recollection* of an

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\*There is a sense in which the word motive is sometimes used, with which we have nothing to do in this discussion. It denotes those *internal voluntary exercises* which move to *outward action*. The motive, in this sense, is synonymous with *intention*, and goes to *qualify* the outward action. Thus, when we see an outward act performed, we inquire for the *motive* with which it was performed, before we pronounce it good or evil. The motive, in this sense, is an *internal exercise of will*, and not that which goes to move the will. But with motives, in this sense of the term, we have nothing to do here.

absent friend is a motive to love, and to acts of kindness. The *recollection* of a promise may be a motive to its fulfilment. The *consciousness* of disease and pain, will induce us to apply remedies and to seek relief.

We have here a specimen of that large class of motives, which may be termed, *internal, objective, or intellectual*. They are multiform and various, as much so as the numberless objects of perception and thought, with which the world around us is filled. They include all those ideas, those considerations in the *intellect*, whether received directly through the senses or not, which operate as incitements to the will.

But, probably, not one of this large class of motives ever operates upon the will alone. It first awakens and combines with some one of the second great class of motives, viz: the *sentient*, and they come down with united power upon the will. Thus, in the case of our first mother, the forbidden fruit would have had no influence upon her will, had it not first arrested attention, excited interest, awakened feeling. And so in the case of the unruly child—the sight of the rod awakens fear; and this internal, sentient motive of fear, combining with the other, subdues the will.

We shall perceive how much is depending on the *internal, sentient* class of motives, by considering how differently the *same* external motives affect persons, when in different states of feeling. A table loaded with dainties is spread before two individuals, one of whom has the feeling of hunger, and the other not. The external motive is to both the same; but its effect upon them is very different, owing to the difference in their internal motives or feelings. A glass of spirit is placed before two individuals, one of whom has a strong appetite for it, and the other as strong an aversion to it. Here again the external motive is the same; but how different the effect, owing to the different state of the internal motives or sensibilities. The one turns from the poison with disgust; the other swallows it down with greediness. Place a little child in distress before two persons, the one of whom is its tender parent, and the other a stranger; and see how differently they are affected. Why? The external motive is to both the same—the little child in distress. But the internal motives, the feelings are very different. Solomon understood this matter, when he proposed to divide a child, that he might determine who was its mother. Propose a manifestly *right* action, though one involving some considerable sacrifice, to two persons, one of whom has a quick and tender conscience, and the other a seared conscience. In



the one is awakened a strong *feeling* of moral obligation, under the influence of which he goes and performs the action, at whatever sacrifice. In the other no such feeling is awakened, and the duty is thoughtlessly and carelessly neglected.

These examples go to illustrate the connexion between the first great class of motives, the *external*, the *intellectual*, and those of the second class including the *sensibilities*. It is in conjunction with, and by means of, the second class of motives, that the first class operate. They never operate, I think, in any other way. An external motive of the most stirring character may be presented; but if there are no sensibilities to be moved by it; if it excites no feeling of any kind, and can excite none, I see not how it can have the least influence upon the will. It may be an object of hope or of fear; but if the being to whom it is presented is not susceptible of hope or fear, or of emotion or feeling of any kind, I see not what motive influence it can possibly exert upon his will. It may be an object of very great interest in itself; but if it excites no interest in the individual beholding it, and he is not susceptible of any feeling of interest, in what way can it reach or affect his will?

But as mankind are now constituted, with an entire circle of sensibilities between the intellect and the will, there is abundant ground for the influence of external motives; and for them to exert a most powerful influence. A *good* is presented to be obtained. This awakens interest, enkindles desire, calls into existence a feeling, an internal motive, which, combining with the external, comes down upon the will, and the will is gained. Or an evil presents itself, which it is important for us to shun. This, too, awakens feelings, excites fear, calls into existence a strong internal motive, under the influence of which, combined with the external, the will is aroused, and the evil is escaped.

I will not enlarge farther on the nature of motives, and the classification of them. They are, in general, whatever operates to *move the will*; and they fall into two great classes, the *external* or *intellectual*, and the *sentient*; the former class never operating upon the will alone, but always in conjunction with, and through the medium of, the latter.

I propose now to illustrate two general *laws* of motives; or rather of the will under the influence of motives. The first is, that *every exercise of will must have a motive*. This will require no labored proof; unless we can conceive of an effect without a cause, or a choice without any thing chosen, or any reason for its being chosen; we cannot so much as conceive



of an exercise of the will without a motive. Such a phenomenon would be more than a miracle. It would be a natural impossibility. Every exercise of the will, whether it be a simple choice, a wish, a resolution, or a purpose, must have some object on which it terminates; and some reason or inducement, under the influence of which it is sent forth. In other words, it must have a motive.

I mention, as a second law, and one which will require a more full consideration, that the will always yields to that motive which, at the time, *appears the strongest*, or which strikes the mind with the *greatest force*. I do not mean by this, that the will always yields to that external motive, which is *intrinsically* strongest, or which *ought* to have the greatest weight with us; for this would imply that men always act right, and do their duty. But a variety of causes may contribute to present the worse as the better reason, and to make that motive, for the time, appear the strongest, which is not so in reality. The state of the sensibilities may be such, that an external motive which, intrinsically, is very weak, and ought to be spurned at as of no account, may excite interest, awaken feeling, and ultimately carry away the will. It may, I think, be safely affirmed, that the will is always as the *predominant* motive,—as that which, at the time, appears the strongest, or which, in the particular state in which the mind is, strikes it with the greatest force. We might as well act from no motive, as—in the sense here explained—to act against the stronger, and in favor of the weaker. We might as well move from no external impulse; as, with two degrees of impulse in one direction, to overcome ten in another.

In our actions, we are all *conscious* of being influenced by motives; and that the degree of influence is in proportion to the strength of motives. A certain amount of motive will lead us to *think* of a proposed measure or course of action. Additional motives will lead us to think of it seriously. A still farther increase of motive may lead us to adopt it.

We are often in situations, where the motives before us are so nearly equal, that we hesitate, and are in suspense, what course to pursue. And we all know how a very slight inducement, coming up on one side or the other, at such times, will be sufficient to turn the scale.

That the will is always as the strongest motive, and that men universally are convinced of this, is evident from the manner in which they attempt to influence and direct the actions one of another. This is done, invariably, by the presentation of motives; and their hope of success, other

things being equal, is always in proportion to the strength of motives which they are able to exhibit. Thus, a parent, wishing to direct the actions of a reluctant child into a particular channel, sets before it the *reasonableness* of the thing proposed. If this is not sufficient, he shows the child how much is to be *gained* by acquiescence. If the child still refuses, the parent appeals to his sense of *obligation*, and urges this as a motive to obedience. And if nothing else will prevail, he threatens to inflict deserved punishment. In this instance, we see the parent proceeding, in a regular course, adding motive to motive, till at length the will of the child is gained; and the parent need be no philosopher, in order to understand and accomplish this, and to do it effectually.

The system of rewards and punishments, adopted under all governments, is proof of the doctrine here advocated. On any other principle, why does a rich reward, and a severe punishment, have greater influence than those of a trifling nature? Why does the magistrate offer a reward of thousands, rather than of tens, for the apprehension of the murderer? And why is murder punishable with death, rather than with bonds?

It is because men act regularly from what seems to them the strongest motive, that we are able to predict with so much assurance, how men, in particular circumstances, will act. The farmer presumes with as much certainty, that the best grain, at the lowest price, will meet with the most purchasers, as that the sun will shine to warm and fertilize his fields; and he reckons upon the labor of individuals in his service, (especially if he has tried them, and knows their characters,) with as much confidence as he does on the utensils which they employ in the execution of their work. Still, such individuals act freely and of choice, in yielding to the influence of motives, and fulfilling the expectations of their employer.

We sometimes see men acting promptly, energetically, and without any seeming hesitation. If we inquire into such cases, we shall find, always, that they act from strong, impelling motives—motives which outweigh and overbalance all opposing influences. In other cases, we see men acting differently. They hesitate and vacillate, not seeming to know which way to turn, or what to do, or to care much, whether they do one thing or another. The difficulty, in such cases, lies in their motives, or rather in their *lack* of motives—outweighing, overbalancing motives, to any particular course of action.

On the whole, I think it very plain, and worthy to be regarded as an established law of mind, that the will is always as the strongest motive; or as that motive which, at the time, appears the strongest, or which strikes us with the greatest force. We always expect our fellow-men to act in this way; and when we see them appearing to act differently, we conclude, at once, either that they have motives of which we are ignorant, or that they are insane, and of course not responsible.

It must not be inferred, however, from any of the illustrations and figurative expressions, above used, that the human will is a machine, nicely adjusted with strings and pulleys, and that motives are the weights by which it is moved. The inference should rather be, that men are *rational beings*, influenced in their actions by reasons or motives, and that they are proportionally more influenced by those motives which seem to them strong and forcible, than by those which strike them with less power. The influence of motives is in no case inconsistent with human freedom and responsibility. We are conscious of being just as free, when under the influence of strong motives, as of weak ones. Indeed, we can conceive of no higher or greater freedom, than that of doing as we please, under the influence of motives. And the fact that we always yield to the stronger motive, or to that which, at the time, appears to us the stronger, is only saying, in other language, that (when left at liberty,) we always do that which *most pleases us*, or that which, on the whole, we *most prefer*. And who is disposed to find fault with such a law of mind as this? Who would have it otherwise? Who can think, in this view of the subject, that the influence of motives is at all inconsistent with the freedom of the will?

Perhaps I ought to ask pardon of my readers for detaining them so long on what may be called the *theory* of motives. It was necessary, however, that the theory should be explained; that the nature and kinds of motives, together with their laws and manner of influence, should be understood, in order that any real benefit might be gained from the subject.

In what remains, I propose to consider the principles which have been established, in their more important *practical* bearings and uses.

In the first place, they have an important bearing on the business of *education*; and may help to correct some of the more obvious mistakes into which parents and guardians are liable to fall. Nothing is more certain, if we would have children and youth trained up to habits of cheerful industry—if



we would have them *disciplined* to such habits, and thereby fitted to become active and useful citizens, than that we must place before them, and *keep* before them, appropriate and powerful *motives*, otherwise, we shall certainly fail of our object—as certainly, as that the laws of nature will move along in their appointed course. Now parents and guardians often mistake here; and, what is a little singular, they mistake by falling upon the opposite extremes of *kindness* and *severity*. Here is a father with a family of sons, who is engaged in a prosperous business. He has already become rich, and is continually growing richer. He rises early, sets up late, and eats the bread of carefulness; and all this, because he loves his children, and thinks it incumbent on him to treasure up a great estate for their benefit. Meanwhile he is disappointed in finding that his children are not as sober and moral, as enterprising and promising, as those of his poorer neighbors. If he sends them to school, they do not study as well. If he keeps them at home, they do not work as well. They are less careful and diligent, and fall into more temptations and difficulties, than almost any children with which he is acquainted. He affords them the best advantages, but they do not improve them. He thinks he is doing all he can for them, but all is done to little purpose: and he impatiently exclaims, *What is the matter? What is the matter, my friend!* The matter is, that by your very course of life, you have taken away from your hapless sons nearly all the ordinary *motives* to enterprise and exertion; and without these motives, it is vain to expect that they will ever exert themselves. The following is, probably, the manner in which your sons think and reason: First of all, they say, my father is rich; he has got money enough for himself and me too. If I was a poor boy I should be under the necessity of exerting myself; but it is not so now; I am a privileged child. While other boys study, I may be idle; while they work, I may play; while they earn money and keep it, I may freely spend it; while their circumstances do not allow them much indulgence, I may indulge myself at pleasure. It is thus that the little urchin begins to reason, almost as soon as he begins to live; and these conclusions he carries with him to the school, to the college, to the counting room, and into the walks of professional life; and, under the influence of them, he probably becomes vicious and abandoned—at best, he becomes indolent, shiftless, and worthless. In his early youth, this unfortunate individual (for I certainly consider him unfortunate,) has not the same *motives* to exertion that other boys have. In mistaken kindness, his

munificent father has taken these motives nearly all away. Of course, he will not exert himself as other boys do. It is vain to expect it. He will early contract habits of indolence, if not of vice; and these will prove his ruin.

I have thus briefly touched upon *one* of the extremes, at which motives to exertion are taken away. There is another,—the extreme of *severity*. Here is a father with a family of sons, or a master with a number of apprentices, who is completely wrapped up in his own private plans and interests, and feels no sympathy with them at all. He never smiles upon them; he is never sociable with them; he grants them no indulgence; he shows them no favors. Let them do ever so well, or try ever so much to please him, it makes no difference. He is the same hard, unfeeling master, knowing no motive, but that of stern authority; and urging all his injunctions at the end of his rod. Now it is vain to expect young persons to acquire habits of willing and cheerful industry, under such a discipline. And the reason is, they have no encouragements. They have no *proper* motives. They will become mere eye-servants, of course. They will hate their parent or master in their hearts; and the less they can do for him, the better.

The previous course of remark may be extended to teachers in common schools. Under the influence of some teachers, the school becomes a place of *business*—of diligent and successful study. Every scholar is interested and engaged, and all are pushing onward together. But with other teachers the case is different. Every thing moves on sluggishly, heavily; there is no life or interest in the school. The scholars go to it as a task, and are glad when the task is done. The radical difference between these different schools is, that the former class of teachers know what *motives* to urge upon the young, and know how to urge them; whereas the latter class have no such knowledge; or if they have, they lack the energy to put it in requisition. In the case of the school last supposed, *motives* are wanting—appropriate, exciting motives; and until these are supplied, and skilfully urged, the scholars will no more become interested and engaged, than though they lacked the power of perception, or any other of the essential powers or faculties of the mind.

A proper understanding of the subject of motives may help to correct mistakes, not only in education, but in the *ordinary business of life*. Why is it, that we hear so much complaint as to the comparative unproductiveness of *slave labor*? Why is it, that one good hired laborer will accomplish as much, ordinarily, as two or three slaves? The reason of this fact is

obvious, in view of the principles above laid down; the hired laborer has two or three times as much *motive*—appropriate, exciting motive to diligent and cheerful exertion, as the slave; and of course he may be expected to accomplish two or three times as much. The slave, to be sure, may be urged on by the whip to accomplish a great deal in a little time; but from the nature of the case, this motive cannot be constantly applied, and when this is withdrawn, he has little left. And this my southern friends will allow me to say, is one of the inconsistencies of the slave system: it expects human beings to exert themselves, without supplying appropriate motives to industry. It demands that they work, when they have little inducement to work,—if we except the low and withering inducement of fear.

Why is it, I ask again, that under some *governments*, the lands are uncultivated, public improvements are neglected, and the people become indolent and miserable, striving to gain but a bare subsistence, and this only from one day to another? The reason is so obvious, that it hardly need be assigned. The people, in such circumstances, *do* all that they have any *motive* to do, all motive to further exertion is taken from them. Suppose they exert themselves, and till their grounds, and sow and cultivate their fields, and amass estates, and make themselves and their families comfortable, they in this way become but the fairer and surer objects of plunder. Their hard earnings are sure to be taken from them; and why should they endeavour to earn anything?

That, in general, is the best system of government, which affords to a community the most appropriate and powerful *motives* to a cheerful and persevering industry; and that is the worst system of government, which affords the least.

In view of the principles which have been established, we see why some men have *more influence* in society than others. It is because of their superior facilities for presenting and urging motives. Some men have *more* motives at their command—more in *number* and *kind*, than others. They have more wealth, or more learning, or more talents, or more power; and each of these distinctions places a great variety of motives within their reach. Some men have not only more motives at command than others have, but they are capable of urging them with greater *ability and success*. They better understand human nature. Their address is more winning, their words more eloquent, their motives more skilfully adapted and arranged, and they are urged, of course, with greater power. This is the reason why some lawyers at the bar are more persuasive than others; and why some ministers of the



gospel are more successful than others in the pulpit. They have not only a wider range of motive, and in this way more motives at their command, but they better know how to use and apply them.

Again, some men have the means, owing to the particular stations which they occupy, of bringing whatever motives they urge to bear upon a *greater number of minds*, than others. They speak, (it may be through the public press,) and their voice is heard to a great distance. Their words, whether good or bad, are published wide throughout the land. Our only means of exerting a moral influence, one over another, is by *motives*; and the fact that some men have so much more influence in society than others, is owing chiefly, perhaps entirely, to their superior facilities for urging motives,—having *more* motives to urge—being *more capable* of urging them—and having the means of bringing them before a vastly *greater number of minds*.

There is a very serious thought connected with the consideration here suggested: for the manner in which we exert our means of influence (be they more or less) we are responsible to God. No man is entitled to regard himself as insulated in society. No man has a right, even if it were possible, to live for himself alone. Each one has the means of exerting more or less of a moral influence. And our Maker requires, and our conscience demands, that this influence should all be on the side of truth and holiness.

It may be accounted for, in view of the principles here discussed, that some men accomplish so *much more* in the world than others. This may be partly owing to difference of *capacity*, but more I apprehend to difference of *motives*. Some men act under a vastly greater power of motive than others. Of course, they exert themselves more vigorously, and greater results flow from their labors.

The fact that some men have the advantage of others in point of motives, may be owing, in part, to *circumstances*. The circumstances in which they are placed impose upon them a weight of motive which others cannot feel. It is a common and just remark, that great occasions produce great men. Thus, the Reformation produced a constellation of worthies in the religious world, such as have not been seen upon its theatre since. And so the American revolution brought into notice a constellation of political worthies, such as we may never look upon again. Now when we have accorded all that can be reasonably asked to the distinguished *talents* of the more prominent individuals who figured on the great occasions here referred to, very much will be left to be ascribed to their

*motives*, and to the circumstances in which they were placed. Luther might have been a great and good man under almost any circumstances; but under no other circumstances than those in which he was actually placed, could he have been *Luther*; and in these circumstances, he could hardly have been anything else. Such was the power of motive which bore upon him—so stirring were his incitements, internal and external, that he *must* exert himself, and his exertions must tell upon the destinies of the world. The same remark may be extended to our Washington, he would have been a distinguished and worthy citizen, in ordinary times; but it was the revolution, which made him Washington. It was the *motives* which that great occasion elicited, and brought to bear upon his powerful mind, which made him “first in the field, first in the cabinet, first in the affections of his countrymen, and in the eyes of the world.”

But we will not attribute every thing to circumstances, in the matter of supplying motives; although much, undoubtedly, is to be granted here. We are all able to effect much ourselves, in this most important matter; and a great reason why some men accomplish more in the world than others is, they *keep themselves* under higher and harder pressure, they contrive to draw motives together, and bring them to bear directly and powerfully upon their own minds. Here, for example, is a man in professional life, to whom it is necessary, in order that he may excel in his profession, that he should be a laborious student. He has promising talents, and fair prospects; but these alone will not sustain him long. He must devote himself to diligent and persevering *study*; or he must sink to a mediocrity, or even fall below it. But his mind, like almost all minds, is naturally indolent, and he does not supply the necessary inducements to arouse it. He calculates to live very much at his ease, enjoy life as it passes, and let those work who love it better than he does. Or if such are not his calculations—if he seriously purposes to let the world know that he is in it, and to distinguish himself in that sphere of life in which he moves, he has not sufficient energy to carry any of his great purposes into effect, he forms plans, but they lie and die upon his hands. He begins to execute occasionally, but he soon tires, and never finishes.

Meanwhile, an individual plants himself by his side, who may be his inferior as to native talents, and preparatory professional study, but who is incomparably his superior, in mental energy and discipline, and in the power of gathering and arraying *motives* to arouse and improve his own mind. This man forms a *system* of study; and he adheres to it. He

*tasks* himself; and he accomplishes the tasks which he assigns. He enters into engagements, that such and such things *shall* be done in a given time; and these engagements he fulfils. He not only disposes of such studies as naturally fall in his way, but he is on the alert for appropriate topics on which to exercise his mind. His ordinary professional duties constitute but a small part of the mental labor which he daily performs. He acts upon the principle, that nothing in the way of intellectual attainment is to be despaired of, which toil, and care, and foresight may secure. Commencing his professional career after this manner, and holding himself to it a little way, it soon becomes *habitual* to him, and then it is easy. It is easier than any other course of life; an hour of indolence is now to him an hour of pain,—of course, this man soon outstrips his more easy and quiet brother. You soon find him far ahead, in the career of honorable achievement and usefulness. And all this, not because he has better talents, or more favoring circumstances; but simply, because he better knows how to gather, and array, and urge *motives* upon his own spirit; to arouse it from sloth, and excite it to effort, and keep it interested and engaged in appropriate study and duty.

These remarks will apply, not only to professional men, but to individuals in all the walks of life. It is not talents alone, nor is it favoring circumstances alone, which enable some men to accomplish so much more than others. It is rather internal energy and activity—the power of self-motion, self-excitement—the power of gathering and applying *motives* to arouse and quicken their own spirits, in the performance of appropriate duty.

The cultivation of this power I conceive (next to *moral culture*,) to be the most important branch of self-discipline and improvement. Like every thing else of value pertaining to us, it *may* be cultivated; and it requires to be. And on the due cultivation of it, especially in the earlier half of life, it very materially depends, whether men shall be little better than drones in society, or whether they shall be active and useful citizens.

I have adverted above to the subject of *moral culture*. The principles involved in the foregoing discussion have an obvious bearing on this most important subject. The principal antagonists to our moral safety and improvement in the present life, are *temptations*; and what are temptations but another name for seducing *motives*—motives calculated to draw us into sin. The *world* tempts us by motives to inordinate worldliness. The *flesh* tempts us by motives to



excessive indulgence. We tempt one another, by urging motives to turn aside our fellow-men from the path of duty, and draw them into sin; and our great adversary tempts us all in the same way. He has access to our minds. He knows our weaknesses; and he plies us with seducing motives: and with such motives as he judges, will be most likely to prevail.

Exposed as we are, to this array of temptation, our moral safety consists, first, in our *avoiding* it as much as we may do with propriety; and, secondly, when the temptation cannot be avoided, in our being able to *triumph* over it. And this triumph must be effected, if effected at all, through the influence of appropriate motives. The motives to sin must be *counteracted* and *overbalanced* by motives of an opposite character. For this end, *external* motives in favor of virtue, and in opposition to sin, must be drawn together from every quarter. They must be treasured up in the mind, and kept before it, and urged home upon it. Meanwhile, the most careful attention must be given to the *internal* motives, the *feelings*. The appetites and passions must be subjected to the dominion of reason and conscience. The baser feelings of the soul must be extirpated or subdued. The nobler sensibilities must be revived, refined, and cultivated. The feeling of *moral obligation* must be cultivated, till it becomes so strong, that it can in no case be resisted, or set at nought with impunity. Our feelings of *sympathy* must be cultivated, till we find it easy to rejoice with them who rejoice, and to weep with them who weep. The nobler feelings of the soul must all be cultivated, till every *external* motive to duty shall find a chord of sympathy within; and then the way of life will be to us a way of pleasantness, and all her paths will be peace.

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#### NIGHT.

'Tis sweeter to gaze on the face  
Of Night when she has donned her crown  
And queenly robe of light sky blue,  
With starry jewels glimmering through,  
And with soft eye is looking down,  
Than in Earth's rarest beauties trace  
The charm of features, and the wile  
And witchery of woman's smile,  
All wildly though they send the flame  
Through throbbing breast and thrilling frame.

B.

## A BIRTH-DAY IN SCIO.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I LANDED there on the day of my birth—  
The day that the city was swept from the earth;  
Though thirteen years had floated away  
On the stream of time since that bloody day.

There had been a strong south-easter blowing,  
The night before and afternoon;  
And the clouds, as night came on, were throwing  
So much of mystery round the moon,  
That—what above, and what below—  
Things looked so squally, all on board  
Concurred in thinking Captain Ford  
Spoke wisely, when he said “No, no;  
I shall put in, and try to keep  
Where the ladies, who’re aboard, may sleep.”

So I’d slept on board, the night before,  
In the snug little port; while, round the isle,  
The breakers thundered on the shore  
Like a line of sea-dogs, chafed and hoar,  
Bounding and barking for many a mile.

Yet, though, “outside,” those dogs might prowls,  
We lay where the wave was “calm as a clock;”  
And, though afar off we could hear the dogs howl,  
And sometimes their nearer and hoarser growl,  
I could sleep, and I *did* sleep, “like a rock.”

But morning came!—an April morn:  
And, though the winds were felt no more,  
The waters still were landward borne,  
And still the waves came combing o’er,  
And fringed with foam the eastern shore:  
And there rolled along so heavy a swell,  
Between the Island and Tshesmé,  
That the captain thought he might as well  
Not venture round Phanæ Point, that day.

O, how I blessed the restless deep,  
That it sunk not with the winds to sleep!  
For it gave me a day on Scio’s isle—  
A day that I shall not soon forget;  
For the earth’s sweet face, and the blue heaven’s smile,  
And the sea that glittered all round, the while,  
As I then beheld them, haunt me yet.

Well, we're ashore! Here hath Oppression's rod  
 Wrought its worst work, where the good hand of God  
 Seems to have wrought its fairest and its best.  
 That guardian mountain,\* towering in the west—  
 His fertile flanks—the plains that stretch away,  
 East and south-east—all basking in the ray  
 Of such a sun! How could there ever be  
 A lovelier island lifted from the sea!  
 Yet, here hath Ruin driven her ploughshare deep!  
 Few here survive, the many slain to weep,  
 And few now wander, lonely, on this shore,  
 Their captive sons and daughters to deplore.†

These magazines,—once glutted with the stores  
 Of what the Euxine down the Bosphorus pours—  
 Of Brusa's silks—of stuffs from Angora's looms,  
 Of all the colors of the peacock's plumes—  
 Of cotton goods from Europe's Island Queen—  
 Of Samian wine—of oil from Mytilene—  
 Of corn, that from the coast of Barbary comes—  
 Of dates from Egypt, and Arabian gums—  
 All empty now, lie open to the sky:  
 Nothing to sell here, and no one to buy!

"Paithiske,‡ (damsel) canst thou tell me where  
 The college stood?" She answers, with the air  
 Of one who feels unequal to the task,  
 "Ohe,"§ (I cannot,) "but I'll run and ask."  
 And back she comes with knowledge in her eye,  
 And leads me round, through places wet and dry—  
 O'er heaps of brick, one clammers up with pain,  
 Round open cellars partly filled with rain—  
 Until, at last, "Etho!"|| ('twas here!) she cries:  
 And joy and wonder sparkle in her eyes,  
 As, with the true Greek appetite for gains,  
 She pockets a piastre for her pains.

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\*Mount Opus, a little to the N. W. of the city;—I should guess about 4000 feet high.

†It is estimated that, of the 80,000 inhabitants of Scio, 20,000 were butchered on the spot, or hung up on the yard arms of the Turkish fleet, either lying off the island, or when the fleet, on its return, came in sight of Constantinople; that 20,000 were carried into captivity—chiefly the handsomest women and boys; that 15,000 escaped to some of the neighboring islands. The rest sought shelter in the mountain fastnesses.

‡Παιδική, *μπα*! My little girl!—*Mod. Greek*. For the benefit of learners, both on the inside and outside of the college walls, I would remark that, wherever the Greek is a spoken language, the *δ* is sounded precisely like *th* in *this*. As for teachers, tutors, professors, &c., they will go on giving this letter the force of the English *d*. The case with them, I fear, is hopeless: for how much better is the *old* way than the *right* way!

§ Oχί—no, *χ* like *h* in house.

||Εδώ—here.



And is this formless mass of prostrate walls  
 All that remains of Scio's college halls?  
 Those halls to which the children of the isles,  
 To enjoy Panaghia's\* and Minerva's smiles,  
 Thronged, till their spreading light, like kindling morn,  
 Flashed on the waters of the Golden Horn,  
 And broke the slumbers of Mahmoud's Divan?  
 Yes, this is all! and the wayfaring man  
 Who, after thirteen years, would see the spot,  
 Finds, it was never known, or is forgot:  
 While every peasant, who is not a fool,  
 Will lead me, if I wish, to HOMER's School.†

I mount a mule, and to the country ride;  
 High walls confine the road on either side;  
 Mile after mile presents the same sad scene,  
 Of princely seats, with orange groves between;  
 Mansions of merchant princes, that once vied  
 With those of Venice, both in grace and pride:  
 But now, those mansions speak of Moslem ire.  
 Roofless and windowless, they show that fire  
 Here had its perfect work. The walls yet stand,  
 And seem to whisper, "Lend us, friend, a hand!"  
 Ay, had a Yankee—had even I—this "place,"  
 How soon I'd make it wear another face!  
 New floored, new roofed, and thoroughly new glazed,  
 The battered court-yard gate and fences raised,  
 The garden dressed, all trimmed the mastic trees,  
 I, in my palace hall, might sit at ease,  
 And see a paradise around me bloom;  
 And, as the fragrant night-breeze filled my room,  
 Flowing through open casements; and the moon  
 Silvered the scene around me; or, at noon,  
 As in an hour like this, in blooming spring,  
 I heard my marble fountain murmuring,  
 And saw my noble orange groves unfold  
 Their snowy blossoms and their fruit of gold—  
 Say, "For this palace must I thank *thee*, War!"  
 Well—I may have it for the asking for!  
 But, would I *take it*? When I turn my eye  
 Where yon Mount Opus swells into the sky,  
 Those cliffs that look on the plains below;  
 Ring with the answer—"Wilt thou take it?—No!  
 For 'come up hither!'—we can tell  
 A tale to freeze a Western freeman's blood:—  
 When, from our height, we saw the swell,  
 And heard the rush of war's infernal flood

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\*Παναγία—ALL HOLY: The modern Greek appellation of the Virgin Mary.

†The locality of this is pointed out with great confidence by the Sciotos.

Through all that city's bleeding lanes,  
 O'er all the villas of those blooming plains;  
 We opened, then, our dens and caves  
 To the poor peasants. Behold, here, their graves!  
 The fleet of foot to these, our caverns, sped;  
 To these our heights and cavern-depths, alike,  
 The hell-hounds followed where the blood-hounds led—  
 The brutes to mangle, and the fiends to strike!  
 We trembled then, at the deep death-note  
 Pealed from the panting bull-dog's throat—  
 The flash—the echo and the smoke—  
 The yell—the stab—the sabre stroke—  
 The musket shot—the frenzied shriek—  
 The death-groan of the hunted Greek—  
 Till our white feet with streams of gore were dyed,  
 And mangled limbs were strown on every side,  
 With many a skull by Turkish sabre cleft:  
 Our vultures finished what their blood-hounds left!  
 The arm that, thirteen years ago,  
 Bathed, elbow-deep, in Sciote blood,  
 Still sways, o'er us and all below,  
 The iron sceptre of Mahmoud!  
 And would'st thou, stranger,—were all free—  
 Take any villa thou canst see,  
 To dwell therein? Beware! Beware!  
 The sword hangs o'er thee by a hair!"

Fair Scio! as I pass along thy shore,  
 Through waters that the brave Kanaris bore,  
 Where, at one blow, thou wast avenged so well,  
 And where the Butcher of thy children fell.  
 Ere yet I lose thee in the deepening blue—  
 So lone, so lovely, art thou to my view,—  
 (For nothing lovelier lies beneath the sun,  
 And nothing lovelier doth he look upon!)  
 I pray thee, listen to a parting strain,  
 From one who ne'er shall look on thee again:

Farewell to thee, Scio! it is but a day  
 That I've seen thee, and yet I shall love thee forever.  
 Thy children are slain, and thy crown torn away,\*  
 And thy jewels and gold shall return to thee never.

Thou sittest, no longer, a Queen in thy bower,  
 But a widow—of sons and of daughters bereft;  
 Yet, despair not, thou desolate one! for thy dower,  
 Lovely Scio—thy lands and thy beauty are left.

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\*Since the destruction of Scio, its commerce, which was the chief source of its wealth, has been almost entirely transferred to the small Greek island, Syra.

And though Syra, thy proud "little sister," awhile,  
 Thy pearls round her bold little forehead\* may twine  
 Yet, envy her not, for she hath not a smile,  
 Nor hath she a face, or a bosom, like thine.

And, as soon as the sceptre of Islam is broken,  
 Or Mahmoud, the red-handed Padischa,† dead,  
 The word shalt thou hear that thy Maker hath spoken:  
 "Thou shalt put on thy garments, and lift up thy head."

And vine leaves and roses thy temples shall deck,  
 And some of thy children shall cling to thy breast,  
 While some pluck the clusters that hang round thy neck,  
 And—*thy lap-full of oranges feed all the rest!*

\*The *port* i. e. the commercial city of Syra, is built upon a hill that swells up boldly from the water; and many of the houses, as they rise—amphitheatrically, make quite an imposing appearance.

†"Padischa," Anglice, "Man-killer," one of the titles of the present Soultan, and the one by which, it is said, he is particularly pleased to be addressed.

## SONG OF THE STARS.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—*Job* 38, 7.

Glory to Thee! Glory to Thee!  
 Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven;  
 Thy wonders every hour we see,  
 Glory to thee be given!  
 See the Earth in beauty springing  
 Where dark chaos reigned before;  
 Hark! the sons of God are singing  
 Praise Him! Praise Him! evermore.  
 View those fair and lovely creatures  
 Rise from dust at His command,  
 His bright image on their features,  
 Stamped by His almighty hand;  
 There behold the lofty mountain  
 Lifts its stately head on high,  
 While below the gushing fountain  
 Rolls its sparkling waters by;  
 Mark the flowers with colors blooming  
 In the green sequestered vale,  
 All the air with sweets perfuming.  
 List! there's music on the gale,  
 Tuneful birds, in beauty soaring,  
 Sing his praises through the sky,  
 Angels, stars, his power adoring,  
 Glory give to God on high!

CONA.



## ITALIAN SKETCHES.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

No. III.—THE CAPUCHIN OF PISA.

“Grey was his hair, but not with age.”

For one inclined to a quiet and studious life, there is no more desirable residence, in Italy, than Pisa. The calls of pleasure and society which so constantly assail the student in the capital cities, are far less numerous and exciting here. Boasting the oldest university in Tuscany, Pisa, with the downfall of her commercial importance, lost not the attractiveness which belongs to an ancient seat of learning. The reputation for military prowess, gained by her brave citizens in the Crusades, and the maritime consequence she enjoyed at the primitive era, when small vessels only were in use, are distinctions which have long since ceased to exist. She sends forth no fleets of galleys, as of old, armed with bold mariners panting to destroy the Saracenic pirates. The islands in the Mediterranean, once tributary to her arms, now acknowledge another master. Bloody feuds no longer divide her citizens; nor has she ventured to dispute the empire of the seas since the close of the twelfth century, when she suffered a memorable defeat in a naval combat with the Genoese, under Admiral Doria. So great was the number of her distinguished people who, in this and previous battles, fell into the power of her formidable rival, that it was a common saying in that age, that, “whoever would see Pisa, must go to Genoa.”

The edifices upon the right bank of the Arno, many of them rich in architectural decorations, are built in the form of a sweeping curve admirably exposed to the sun. In these buildings are the best winter lodgings; and the broad street forms a delightful promenade. Here the invalids stroll at noon or evening, completely sheltered from the wind; while about the adjacent bookstores the *literati* lounge in the sun to con a new publication, or discuss some mooted point in science or belles-lettres. Sometimes on an autumn evening, when nature is in her balmiest mood, and the walk filled with students, the several bridges neglected in the river, and

the *avé maria* stealing on the breeze, the scene is delightfully significant of calm enjoyment. On a pleasant afternoon, as I noted this picture from beneath an awning which surmounted the door of a *caffé*, my eyes encountered those of a Capuchin friar, who was sitting on the parapet opposite, occasionally enjoying the same pastime, but more frequently engaged in turning over the leaves of an old folio. The members of this fraternity, usually seen in Italy, are very unprepossessing in their appearance. Their brown robes generally envelope a portly person, and the rough hood falls back from a face whose coarse features, bedaubed with yellow snuff, indicate mental obtuseness far more than sanctity. This Capuchin, however, had an eye, which at the first glance seemed beaming with intelligence; but, upon inspection, betrayed an unsettled expression, such as might pertain to an apprehensive or disordered mind. But the most striking peculiarity in the monk's appearance, as he sat with his cowl thrown back to enjoy the evening air, was the remarkable contrast between a face decidedly youthful, and hair that exhibited the grey of sixty winters. An effect was thus produced, similar to that observable on the stage, when a juvenile performer is invested with one of the heavy powdered wigs of the last century. It was as if youth and age were miraculously conjoined in one person. The adolescent play of the mouth, the freshness of the complexion, and the careless air, bespoke early manhood, and were in startling contradiction to the thick locks blanched almost to snowy whiteness. The friar noticed my gaze of curiosity, and advancing towards me, with good-natured courtesy, proffered the curious volume for my inspection. It was truly a feast for a connoisseur in black-letter and primitive engraving—one of those parchment bound church chronicles which are sometimes met with in Italy, filled with the most grotesque representations of saints and devils. The Capuchin, it appeared, was an amateur in such lore; and this, his last prize, had just been bought of a broker in similar matters, who had long watched for him on the promenade as a sure purchaser of the worm-eaten relic. Most patiently did he initiate me into the mysteries of the volume, apparently delighted to find so attentive an auditor. I observed that it was as an antiquity, and especially on account of the pictures, that he prized the book; and my wonder was increased by the general knowledge and worldly wisdom displayed by this member of a brotherhood noted for their ignorance. Perhaps he interpreted my curiosity aright: for when we had turned over the last leaf, he proposed an

adjournment to his convent, that I might view his collection of ancient tomes—an invitation I was not slow to accept. His cell was at the corner of the monastery, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country on the one side, and of the river and city on the other. It was neatly furnished, and not without ornaments. He pointed out several bookshelves, and evidently enjoyed the surprise with which I read the titles of works usually found in the libraries of men of taste, but seldom known in the dormitory of the priest. At length, he raised them *en masse*, and what I had deemed a little library, proved but an ingenious imitation. Beneath the painted boards was disclosed the veritable collection of the poor Capuchin—a few vellum-bound volumes, chiefly referring to the theology of his sect. I was not a little interested in the quiet humor thus displayed by this singular brother of a gloomy fraternity. His cheerful eye was at variance with the dark, rough robe, and coarse rope which bound him. His little room was furnished with a view to the enjoyment of the occupant; and, judging by the fine old Malaga with which he entertained me, not without the means of indulgence. I could not but fancy the feelings which must sometimes visit him as he gazed from his secluded nook upon the world he had renounced. When, at dawn, he has seen one of the many equipages start from the adjacent square, bearing hearts intent upon re-union with the loved in the place of its destination; or youthful spirits eager for the excitement and adventure of a distant tour, has he not sighed for a share in the blessed ministry of the affections, or panted to throw himself into a more expanded sphere of experience? or, if sincerely deeming all earthly friendship vain, and all knowledge of the world unholy, in musing at sunset over the richness, the silent and varying beauty of that lovely landscape, has he not momentarily caught the inspiration of nature's freedom, and felt that the breezes of heaven are not less chainless, by Heaven's ordination, than the spirit within him? The Capuchin understood and interrupted my reverie.

"Signor," said he, "I perceive you are surprised at the obvious want of harmony between my character and my destiny. You think the friar's garb does not altogether become me, and wonder how it is that so youthful a brow should be shaded by hoary locks. I will endeavor to explain the apparent anomaly, if you are disposed to listen to a brief recital: A Corsican by birth, I reached the age of sixteen without clearly understanding the meaning of the word—'responsibility.' My life had flown on beneath the paternal



roof, unmarked by vicissitude, unembittered by sorrow. My education was intended to prepare me for a naval life, and, as far as theoretical knowledge is important, perhaps it was not valueless. I had acquired, too, some dexterity in the management of such small craft as ply about the Mediterranean coast. But no duty had ever been imposed upon me, which my own inclination had not suggested; and if at times I was deep in mathematical studies, or intent upon displaying my nautical skill when a storm had lashed our bay into a foam, it was my native love of excitement rather than any settled principle of action, which prompted my exertions. I was regarded as a spoiled child, and the rebukes to which I was, in consequence, subjected, aroused my indignation more deeply than corporeal punishment often does that of less ardent beings. On one occasion, when smarting inwardly from a taunting reproach my father had bestowed, I suddenly resolved to flee, if it were only to prove that I could depend upon myself, and be indeed a man. Such resolutions doubtless abound at that age, and are not unfrequently acted upon. With a few louis-d'ors in my purse, I embarked for Marseilles, and after a few weeks' stay in that city, found myself without money or friends, and prevented by pride from revealing myself or my situation to any one. Want, however, was fast undermining my resolution; and one bright morning I walked towards the quay, hoping to discover some Corsican captain who would convey me home. As I stood near one of the docks, glancing over the shipping, I observed a man whose vestments were those of a dandy mariner rapidly pacing the wharf. His keen gaze soon fell upon my person, and, at the next turn in his promenade, he abruptly clapped me on the shoulder, and, pointing to a neat brig with Sardinian colors in the offing, asked my opinion of her build and appearance. As I had been an observer of vessels from early boyhood, I answered him with frankness, introducing some technical phrases, which seemed to convince him that I was no novice in such matters. When I had concluded, 'my lad,' said he, 'I am the supercargo of that craft. Ask no questions, navigate her to Corsica, and this is yours,' shaking a purse before my eyes. Without hesitation I accepted the proposal. Mindful of my immediate necessities, and elated at the idea of entering our harbor the recognised commander of so fine a vessel, I banished all doubts of my capacity, trusted to fortune to carry me safely through the enterprise, and springing with alacrity, after the supercargo, into a boat, in a free mood stood, with all the pride of youth mantling in my cheek, upon the quarter deck of the *Maria*

Teresa. Several Jews were standing about the mainmast, awaiting our arrival to secure their passage. They offered to make up what was deficient in the cargo, by shipping several cases of *liqueurs*, and agreeing to pay liberally. The bargain was soon closed. It was arranged that we should sail at sunset; and leaving the supercargo at his desk in the cabin, I hastened on shore to atone for my recent abstinence. The commencement of our voyage was highly prosperous. After several days, having been blest with clear weather, and favorable, though light breezes, I began to congratulate myself upon my success, when, one afternoon, there appeared along the horizon, indubitable tokens of a coming storm. I knew not precisely where we were, though I had concealed my doubts on the subject; and as night approached, a strange feeling of melancholy came over me. I leaned over the bulwarks, watching the ominous masses of clouds, and listening to the heavy and solemn swell of the sea. All at once, a sense of the responsibility I was under began to oppress me. Misgivings crowded upon my hitherto resolute mind; and, at length, a presentiment of evil took entire possession of my fancy. Inexperienced, and prevented by false pride from exposing my fears, I bitterly repented of the task I had undertaken. I felt, however, that it was now too late to retreat, and observing an old sailor casting an eye of curiosity upon my anxious countenance, I suddenly determined at all hazards to maintain the character I had assumed. The wind increasing, before dark every thing was snug on board, and at midnight it blew a tempest. The brig, deeply laden as she was, ploughed wearily through the waves, every timber creaking as she flew before the wind. Sometimes it seemed impossible she should rise after a plunge—so convulsive, and a pause so awful. My heart beat with agonizing suspense, till I felt the quivering fabric slowly lifted again on the billow to dive once more madly on her way. The mast fell with an awful crash, and, for a second, the men stood astounded, as if the vessel herself had burst asunder; but, when the extent of the mischief was discovered, they worked on assiduously as before. We were scudding under a reefed gib, and I stood braced against the companion-way, awaiting, with mingled feelings of awe, perplexity, and hope, the crisis of the storm. Encouraged by the firm bearing of our gallant bark, I began to think all would eventuate happily, when a flash of lightning revealed to me the old mariner on his knees by the forecastle, the other sailors standing in terror and dismay about him, and the Jews huddled together apart, regarding them with looks of fear, which even the raging elements seemed not to divert.

At the same moment a strong smell of sulphur filled the atmosphere. Conceiving a thunderbolt had struck the brig, and scarce knowing what I did, I rushed forward, and seizing the foremost Jew with a savage grasp, 'base Israelite!' cried I, 'are you the Jonah?' Trembling, he sunk upon his knees, and implored me for the love of Abraham to spare his life, confessing they had stowed a quantity of *aqua fortis* in the hold. The mystery was explained. The jars of sulphuric acid had broken in the heavings of the vessel, and their contents mingling with the silks and woollen stuffs, produced combustion. The sailors already abandoned themselves to despair. In vain I ordered, supplicated and reviled. They lay in supine misery, calling upon the Virgin, and giving themselves up as lost. O the excitement of that hour! Years appeared concentrated in moments. I seemed endowed with an almost supernatural energy, and firmly resolved to stretch every nerve and sinew for preservation. With no assistance but that of the cabin boy, who alone listened to my orders, I threw off the hatches. A tremendous cloud of steam rolled up in thick volumes. Half suffocated, we proceeded to throw boxes and bales into the sea; saturated with the acid, they fumed and hissed as they struck the water. Our hands and clothes were soon terribly scorched; yet with breathless haste we toiled on, while the lightning flashed with two-fold vividness, and the gale raged with unabated fury.

"The sailors finally came to our aid; and after many hours of incessant exertion, the traces of fire were removed, and we sunk exhausted on the deck. The darkness was intense, and as we lay, still tossed by the tempest, a new and horrible fear entered our minds. We began to apprehend that we were drifting towards the Barbary coast, and should be thrown on shore, only to be cruelly murdered. The horrors of such a fate we could too easily imagine, and with torturing anxiety, awaited the dawn. It was then that I vowed, if my life was spared, to dedicate it to St. Francis. The horrible scene of that night had revolutionized my nature. The danger passed like a hot iron over my soul. My previous life had been a pastime. This first adventure was replete with the terrible, and its awful excitement penetrated my heart. An age seemed to exhaust itself in every passing moment of our painful vigil. We gazed in silent suspense towards the east. There an ebon mass of vapor hung like a wall of black marble. At length, a short, deep crimson gush, glowed through its edge. Slowly the sun arose, and displayed to our astonished and gladdened eyes the farthest point of Sardinia. How we entered the harbor unpiloted was a mystery to us as well as



the hospitable inhabitants. From the vessel we hurried to the church to render thanks to the Virgin for our deliverance. I threw my cap upon the pavement, and knelt at the first shrine. My companions uttered an exclamation of surprise. The intense care and apprehension of that night of terrors had completely blanched my locks of jet."

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## MINIATURE SKETCHES.

### No. II.—SYMPATHY AND FAME.

I AM persuaded that *sympathy* has had not a little to do with the fame of many men. Perhaps had such been permitted to enjoy longer lives, their names would not now be so greatly honored and fondly cherished. The very emotions of regret we feel at the mere mention of them, serve to impress them more forcibly upon the tablet of memory. This principle of association, is peculiarly striking with respect to those cut off in early life. In illustration, it will be sufficient to allude to the fate of a SHELLEY, a POLLOCK and a KIRK WHITE among poets—a DR. GODMAN of our own country, among physicians; or to an EMMETT, and an ANDRE among a different class. The thought of the first named, is associated with the unfeeling waves to whose merciless power imprudence exposed his life. With the names of the other sons of song, are associated the pallid brow, the sunken eye, the agonized, yet calm and patient, spirit awaiting the aim of the "insatiate archer." Of an Emmett and an Andre we cannot think without the most intense emotions of pity, for their short and tragical career. At the annunciation of the name of GODMAN every American feels the deep-toned sigh swelling his bosom—whilst he dwells upon his sufferings from disease and more than all, from that malignant persecution which *envy* never fails to essay. In the deeds, or writings, of these, and many others I might mention, there is nothing *extraordinary*; and yet they will live in the memories of their countrymen, if not of the world; long after the names of more talented or brave men, shall have been entombed in oblivion's gloomy sepulchre.

J. E. S.

## RAMSGATE:

Monday Evening, July 30, 1838.

A MOST RICH AND PERFECTLY DEFINED RAINBOW ON THE OCEAN.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN.

*One* lady on the tall white cliff!

*One* boat upon the sea!

That little solitary skiff

Why watcheth Emma Lee?

The heavens with sulphurous clouds are black;

As black the billowy plain;

And wildly flies the stormy rack

Above the stormy main:

The winged ships their wings have spread

For safety, far from land;

The sea-birds from the sea have fled

For shelter to the strand:

Then why intent on yon frail shell

That scuds before the gale,

Why, like a lone coast-sentinel,

Stands there that lady pale?

Perhaps a brother's life to threat

Those mighty waters rise!

Perhaps some object dearer yet,

The treasure of her eyes!

And, as the waters heave and break,

Her breast keeps fearful time;

Her very heart-strings are awake

To that tremendous chime!

And on that cliff, so far above,

She stands in beauty pale,

To be the beacon-light of love

To guide his daring sail.

No brother in that lonely boat

Is menaced by the strife;

No cherished lover there afloat

Is perilled for his life.

Her brow *is* pale with fear and hope,  
With holy hope and fear,  
That high as heaven direct their scope,  
While humbly trembling here.

That boat to *her* the type presents  
Of man's immortal soul,  
Struggling through turbid elements,  
The passions, to its goal.

The sun is hid behind the clouds,  
But is not gone to sleep,  
For now a ray has touched the shrouds,  
A Rainbow spans the Deep!

And now the salient canvass shines  
All boldly out in white,  
Beneath its glorious arch of lines  
Of many-colored light.

When terrors shake the sinner's bark  
And tears are on his face,  
Thus from behind the curtain dark  
Will flash a beam of grace;

And, smiling on his contrite fears,  
Produce those lovely dyes  
That turn to gems the human tears,  
And in a halo rise.

And see! the boat is safe within  
The strong protecting mole!  
So safely from the gulfs of sin  
To port may come the soul:

But only through the saving woe  
Of Him, whose precious blood  
Supplied the colors of the bow  
That spans the clouded flood.

*Canterbury, England.*



## CONFESSIONS OF SENOR BLANCO.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF VIRGINIA.

In the year of grace ———, I led a most equivocal, or rather unequivocal life. I filled my purse out of the purses of others; and occasionally, although, I aver, not often, cut the throats of those whose purse-strings I cut. I pursued my avocation upon the high seas, and illiberal minded persons would have had no hesitation in pronouncing me a buccaneer. I made the Gulf of Mexico the theatre of my operations, and my haunts of refuge were amongst the Bahamas.

In the summer of the year, which I have mentioned above, under the mystery of a blank, I had put the coat of a gentleman over the shoulders of a blackguard, and adventured on shore with gold enough to gild my quality thoroughly. My adventure was a love one—and I laid siege to the Lady Roxanna, the widow of an Englishman, and the lady-proprietor of Tilton, an ancient hacienda commanding the arc of the blue bay of Quiola. How I sped matters not. The greatest captains are not over-garrulous concerning their defeats. The two days, the occurrences of which I am about to chronicle, were a segment of the circle of that period of felicity during which I occupied Tilton with my forces—effrontery and pertinacity—and pressed the siege of the human citadel which frowned down upon me—the Lady Roxanna. Circles in geometry have no end—in this regard my circle of felicity did not resemble them.

It was on the first of these days—somewhat after the middle stage of it—that I stood at the window of the great hall of Tilton which overlooks Quiola. A tempest swept the ocean and obscured the sky; and I recognized in its fury that peculiar spirit of the waters whose dread countenance I had learned in my sea-faring life ever to quail before. The wildest of the genii of the storm was abroad. But the firm planks beneath me gave assurance of my safety, and what recked I for the ocean craft with their rent wings—with their cries to the elements for succor—with their hearts of despair? I would have said in that moment of my security, that I recked nothing; but I should have erred—the sailor was alive within me, and long habitude had touched my heart with something akin to

humanity. I had acquired amidst the troubles of the seas, by means of drear and frequent endurance on my own part, of the distresses of the mariner, no scant capability of sympathy. It had sprung from a selfish root—but what mattered that? Human feeling is a thing of fair brow and open eye—but when happened it that its feet were not of clay?

The wind blew a hurricane. The waters of the bay were high and foamy, and only depressed when a mighty gale swept heavily above them. No one could have told that a sun had ever been in the sky, it was so massive and so oppressively black. At times great fragments of cloud came heavily water-ward—like fragments torn from the rocks of a high mountain. But the wind took these up and puffed them away like thistle-down. The troubled billows—the mad wind—the blaze and the arrowy flight of the universal lightning—the shore groaning under its weight of waters, and the atmosphere reeling to the shock of its bursting thunderbolts, inspired even my accustomed spirit with the yieldings of awe and terror.

I retreated from the window—my point of observation. A moment after, a sudden gust wrenched it from its frame, and a column of rain, as huge as a water-spout, gushed in through the opening. A crash followed, and then a whizzing fall, and the mansion shook to its base. An oak that had maintained its position through a century of storms, had been torn up by the hurricane and hurled like a battering-ram against its walls. The Lady Roxanna was at her prayers; and I made an effort to remember my own.

An hour passed away, and the hurricane had wholly subsided. A light gale had sprung up on its subsidence, and now sobbed harmlessly among the crannies of the old and trusty edifice. The sky was still overcast, but there was little fall of rain, and only the havoc which had been made amongst the more perishable and exposed things, and the mighty heavings of the sonorous ocean, and an occasional recurring sweep of wind, gave token of the terrors of the past hours. All things, save the ocean, were becoming serene, when a loud noise, as of artillery, came up sullenly upon the air. The sullen sound was repeated. It was a distress gun.

At this moment a youth entered whom I regarded with a strong dislike:—he was of slight stature, and—I must confess it—of remarkable beauty. He was the nephew of the Lady Roxanna, and had more than once treated me with indignity. His odious name was Francesco. But the occasion levelled enmities, and he condescended to address me with a stately suavity.

"Senor——" he said "your experience of the sea may perhaps counsel us as to the better mode—if mode there be—of giving succor to yonder vessel, which, as you may perceive, sorely needs it."

I looked abroad from the window and saw the hull of a large vessel within a league of the shore below me—drifting rapidly toward it. A crowd of men, black and white, had already assembled upon the beach. My selfish indifference had taken to itself wings. I sprang down the massive stairway, and ran instinctively to the sea-side; succor there was none. A line of sharp rocks, here and there dotted with an islet, extended in a parallel line with the shore, distant fully three hundred English yards from it; and upon this the forlorn hull must inevitably strike. Ropes would avail nothing—beside none were at hand; and what boat could live on such a sea?

"Heaven, alone, must be their dependence," said an old man, with the countenance and dress of a *padre*. He spoke the truth. Human hands were too weak for the broken-winged denizen of the seas. She neared her destiny. She had already plunged her way to within a fearfully short distance of the line of rock, and it became evident that a few minutes would decide her fate. Without an inch of canvass to gather any retarding breeze into—rudderless—helpless—hopeless—the landward beat of that hungry sea had placed the hand of palpable death upon her. At times she rocked upon the ridge of a wave higher than the sea-birds fly in a calm, and then plunged into depths from which escape seemed a miracle. Thus she came on—rising and sinking—on—and on—and on—until the groups of her seamen grew into distinct and exciting view. I seized a glass which the priest held, and applied it to my eye. The deck and its tenants opened on my vision with a distinctness terribly increased. I saw men in numbers; I saw the very seams, it appeared to me, of their weather-beaten and ashy cheeks. But my attention was drawn to a group of a few who, reeling with the sway of the hull, and clinging to neighboring objects for support, had gathered about a singular structure which, shaped like a Tartar's cap, I have, once or twice in my life, met with on the decks of vessels intended for the transportation of rare and valuable cattle. Its conical form had defended it against the fury of wind and sea. As I looked on, a door opened into this singular structure, and, after a few moments, a steed of fine form and dark color, with the thongs, with which he had been strapped for safety from the blows of the lurching vessel to the floor of his stall, dangling from his

limbs and girth, emerged upon the visible deck. As he pitched to and fro, clinging with nervous feet to the slippery and unquiet planks, and expressed with erect head and distended nostrils the intense terror with which he was inflamed, I recognised at once a steed worth a duke's ransom. But an involuntary motion of the glass fixed my attention upon a second group some space distant from the other. One, whom I supposed to be the captain of the vessel, sat lashed to his seat, his long white hair drooping in dark coils about his temples. His arm was around the waist of a boy—perhaps his grandson. At his shoulder stood a woman; her hands were clasped; and from her bosom it was that the cry issued that suddenly rang high above the din of the raging waters.

"Will you see them die," shouted Francesco, with a fierce emotion, "and not extend a hand to their help?" In a second moment he stood in the stern of a frail fishing boat; and it was apparent that he was maddened to the task of daring the wild perils before him. A grey-headed negro sprang to his side.

"Senor! ye are mad," roared a white fisherman: "a nutshell were as safe for the venture."

But a younger negro, likewise, leapt into the boat, and the three had struck off alone, when the fisherman plunged mid-waist into the water and joined them.

"Now, before St. Christoval, we drown together, Senor Francesco," he growled, and betook himself to his oar.

Short was the suspense of the gallant company. The boat had barely issued from the little cove, where she had nestled with moderate security, before, bottom upward, with men and oars scattered around her like sea-weed, she lay stove in upon the sands. The fisherman raised himself upon his elbow. My eyes became hazy; and the brief twilight of the tropics had descended, but a wail or scream of the most thrilling character smote fearfully upon my ear. It was surely not human. I looked around me; there were only three of the four late occupants of the boat visible. Francesco was gone. Where the boat had entered the surf, a horse battled with the billows. His head was high above them, and his nostrils were like trumpet mouths. He struck his fore hoofs boldly shoreward. A wave, larger than his fellows, picked him up and threw him upon the sands. A child was bound upon his back—a boy. The boy was dead.

At early morning of the following day, a crowd of men and women gathered upon the beach to discover if the body of Francesco had been washed on shore. Many eyes, too,



were turned seaward to discern whether the hull of the stranger still floated. The bay, as far as sight could reach, was a flood of gold. The sands of the shore shone under the sun of a cloudless sky. But neither the fated vessel, nor the body of Francesco, was any where visible. Not a vestige of the former had drifted to the land; and, except the boy and the steed upon which he had been bound, nothing from her deck had apparently passed the reef and its islets.

"If she broke on the reef, she drifted to San Antonio's point," said the white fisherman.

The Lady Roxanna was among the crowd, and her grief was poignant. Francesco had been very dear to her. I turned away from the spectacle of a sorrow in which I was too hardened to sympathise, and, on again looking toward the sea, saw, for the first time, a crowd of vultures assembled in the air above one of the numerous sandy islets with which the reef was studded. The birds were wheeling heavily and silently. Their gyrations were of small diameter; and, at length, one, with a hoarse croak, sank spirally, narrowing the circle of his soar as he descended, and finally alighted. All eyes were turned to the spot. Another and another of the ill-omened flock followed the leader, and, with a similar croak, settled down by his side. After a while, the whole troop again mounted into air, and renewed their circular flight. I entered a boat, and, with an oarsman or two, pushed off in the direction of the islet. The waters were still tawny, but as smooth as the breast of the serenest fountain. The boat shot over them, and in a few moments we landed. Between the spot where I stood and the farther edge of the sand-bank—the islet was scarcely more—a heap of wet weed and scum had gathered; and it was not until I had placed my foot upon this that I saw the object which had been a lure to the carrion birds. Half buried in weed and filth lay a human body. It was that of the ill-fated Francesco. He was lying with his forehead turned to the sand, and his head was almost covered with the sediment of the settling waters. I turned him over; his face was bloated and bleached; there was a gash upon his left cheek, and the flesh about it had become white and flaccid. His bright locks were dull with the scum of the sea.

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The death of the youth Francesco, and the solemn burial awarded to his remains, inspired me with a gloom which, perhaps, proved the most durable of my life. It vanquished

me so thoroughly that my assurance, and my obstinacy as well, gave up the siege on which they were bent, and retired from before the indomitable Lady Roxanna—relinquishing entirely the outworks which they had won and maintained with hardihood. Since the breaking up of my encampment, I have swept the all-beautiful bay of blue Quiola many a time and oft; but I never again gratified Tilton or the Lady Roxanna with my presence.

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### MINIATURE SKETCHES.

#### No. III.—PREFERENCE FOR FOREIGN PRODUCTIONS.

It would seem that some men lay aside their judgments at times, (if indeed they have any) and choose among objects presented for the supply of their physical, mental, and even moral and religious wants, not by the scale of relative value, but that of *prejudice*. In this respect how frequently are men found acting the part of children. To say nothing concerning the principle taught in Holy Writ concerning the reception of the words of a prophet, "in his own country," in view of sermons and lectures; it is a source at once of pain and disgust, to witness the conduct of many. Present them with a piece of cloth or other article of physical labor, of *home-manufacture*, and announce the fact, and in vain do you attempt to convince them of its true quality and value. Offer such individuals any product of mental labor claiming their own city or neighborhood for its place of origin, and how quickly do you hear them arguing its *inferiority* to *foreign* works which, it may be, they never saw. Now such *grown children* remind one very forcibly of the peculiar fancies of infancy. Often have I seen rustic children meet their parents returning with their wagons from some distant mart, and receive at their hands, as "*broadly cakes*," the dry and soiled biscuits which were baked in their domestic ovens, and watched them feasting with delight. And yet such children do not act a more puerile or irrational part than thousands of Americans of full stature and manhood's years.

J. E. S.

From the Southern Churchman.

## THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER.

A PRIZE POEM: IN THREE-PARTS.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

"The first convert, on the arrival of the missionaries, was the chieftain's daughter, a maid of singular beauty and intelligence; and, through her instrumentality, the whole island embraced christianity. Desirous of convincing them, that the god whom they sought to propitiate by offerings and human sacrifices was no god, she descended the crater of the volcano of Peli—the supposed residence of the god,—and stirred the liquid lava with the staff which she bore in her hand. While the awe-struck inhabitants expected to see the God signally punish her impiety, she ascended with her blazing torch, unscathed. The charm of superstition was broken—the christian's God was acknowledged, and adoration paid no longer to the fires of Peli."—*Voyage to the Sandwich Islands.*

### PART II.

#### THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

ARGUMENT. *Her beauty and accomplishments—Earthly pleasures unsatisfactory to the soul—The light of Nature—The light of Revelation—The Conversion.*

WHEN darkness spreads her mantle o'er the deep,  
And broods, with folded wings, o'er Peli's steep,  
How brightly beautiful the rosy dawn,  
With cheek of bloom and breath of balm, comes on,  
And lights, with kindling blush and beaming smile,  
The darkened sea and night-enshrouded isle;  
But brighter, fairer than the opening day  
On Peli's isle was truth's immortal ray,  
That on the daughter of her chieftain came,  
In light of love and purifying flame,  
Bade error's clouds disperse in air, and broke  
The heavy bond of superstition's yoke.

Fairest of maidens, in that sea-girt wild,  
Was Kaplioni, nature's blooming child,  
With air of majesty and step of grace,  
And queenly beauty beaming in her face—  
A soul all-guileless, and a matchless form,  
And breast with every generous feeling warm.  
When the dusk-bosoms of the island girls,  
In wanton pride, were whitened o'er with pearls;  
And gem-decked tresses lovers' eyes allured,  
Her brighter charms all other charms obscured.

When in the sea they revelled 'mid the spray,  
 Her well-formed limbs more graceful moved in play  
 And shone more beauteous on the shore, when oil  
 Their surface polished after sportive toil.  
 When o'er the surge they sped the light canoe,  
 Her bark flew foremost like a wild sea-mew;  
 And first in speed when fled the hunted hart,  
 She winged the arrow with unerring art.  
 When evening's bright and parti-colored dyes  
 Had paled and vanished from the sunset skies,  
 And music called to merriment and love,  
 Upon the sward or 'neath the star-lit grove,  
 Her couch outswelling all, with witching spell  
 Thrilled every drowsy echo of the dell;  
 And as the dance went round upon the plain,  
 Hers was the lightest step of all the train.

Such Peli's pure and peerless daughter shone,  
 A dream of beauty, and of love a zone:  
 With feelings buoyant, and aspiring breast,  
 To dare fame's height in hope of being blest.  
 Thus swelled her restless and ambitious mind,  
 Until she left all rivalry behind.  
 In grace, and beauty, and acknowledged worth,  
 The first and fairest of her ocean earth;  
 And sire and suitors gazed in love and pride,  
 While, with unsated heart, the maid still sighed.  
 Hers was the weariness of human bliss—  
 The heart that pants for brighter worlds than this—  
 The inspiration of that holy flame  
 That whispers of the heaven from which it came—  
 In gentle breathings, as the murmuring shell  
 Speaks of the ocean where it used to dwell.

Thus in the dance—the chase—on earth and main,  
 She sought for happiness, but sought in vain;  
 Then brooded in eternity of thought,  
 Upon the lessons simple nature taught—  
 Gazed on the planets with admiring eyes,  
 And asked, what hand arrayed them in the skies?  
 Beheld the heaving billows of the sea  
 Bound forward like a courser, wild and free,  
 And wondered, as the tide-bound goal they gain,  
 What arm of power had curbed the flowing rein;  
 Saw dimly-pictured in the volumed earth  
 A great FIRST CAUSE, in whom all things had birth;  
 Read in the flowers and fruitage of the grove  
 A mighty spirit, traced in lines of *love*;  
 Then mused, bewildered, as her thoughts were turned  
 On Peli's deity in flame inurned,  
 Who from his flaming palace upward curled,  
 A god of *terror* o'er an awe-struck world.



Reflected back from nature, many a spark  
Of light from heaven fell on her conscience dark;  
Shone faint o'er error's misty clouds and doubt,  
In momentary glimmer, and went out:  
But when the messengers of truth made known  
Creation's King, the *fiat* from whose throne  
Evoked the earth from chaos' darkened caves,  
Spread out the sea with all its wealth of waves,  
Arrayed the hills that tremble at his nod,  
And jewelled skies a footstool for their God;  
When they revealed redemption's mighty plan,  
And spoke of him who bled for guilty man,  
Heaven's full effulgence broke with noontide ray  
Upon her heart, and chased the night away,  
Each earth-born care and worldly passion stilled,  
And all the soul with pious rapture filled.

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INFANTS ASLEEP.

BY THOS. R. HOFLAND.

How beautiful they are—that infant pair,  
As they lie wrapped in calm and dreamless sleep,  
Nestling like mated doves—and mingling sweet  
The perfume of their pure and gentle breaths.  
On his fair sister's snowy arm, the boy  
Hath couched his downy cheek, and she hath thrown  
Her head upon his bosom lovingly:  
So motionless they lie, they might be ta'en  
For a creation of the sculptor's art,  
But that the azure and transparent veins  
That wander through their alabaster brows,  
And the soft hue that mantles o'er their cheeks  
Like the reflection of a rose on snow,  
Proclaim the hand of Deity is there.

There is a charm about their loveliness,  
Beauty, material only, could not give.  
'Tis in the exquisite repose, which tells  
That souls unsullied, and hearts free from guile,  
Within those graceful tabernacles dwell;  
No human passions mar their tranquil rest;  
No feverish dreamings, such as haunt the soul  
Which hath had commerce with the busy world,  
Raising up shadowy phantoms of the past,  
And visions of the future—there they lie  
In their consummate grace, twin cherubims,—  
Fresh from their God—all purity and peace.

## KALEIDOSCOPEIA BIOGRAPHICA.

No. I.

RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

*Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Reg. Professor of Divinity.*

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

A SCHOLASTIC life presents so unvaried and monotonous a routine, in its detail, that it cannot but appear dull and uninteresting to the general reader. It is illustrative rather of the preceding literary ages—*temporis acti*—than of the time in which the student lives. It is different with the theologian, the historian, the politician, and the poet,—men who give the literary tone to their respective eras. But the student belongs to other times—to different beings. “We learn little from him, save the actual state of classical literature in his day.”

The biography of the eminent personage, whose name adorns this page, is an exception to the foregoing statement. Animated incident and endless changes abound throughout the memoirs of his existence. Although the feuds and quarrels, legal or critical, in which Bentley participated, were confined within the walls of an university, his fertility in invention—his subtlety of plot—the unequalled boldness of his address, and of his assumptions—his cool contempt for his adversaries, and his uncommon dexterity in managing every *quæstio vexata*, are fruitful themes for observation and wonder. Engaged, at one and the same time, in a law suit about fees, with the fellows and divines of his college, and in a bitter dispute upon critical points with some of the greatest scholars of the age, equal discrimination and art were lavished upon both; and, indeed, of him it may safely be said,—so far as regards dexterous management—*nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*.

A biographical sketch of this eminent scholar, in conjunction with those of some few others, whose lives and writings will form the subject of future notices, is the object of the present paper. A sketch it can only be; for volumes would be insufficient to display the vast research, the political

acumen, and the critical nicety of judgment which characterised most of Bentley's undertakings. I can pretend to nothing very original; having compiled and abbreviated this *morceau* from the life of Bentley, by Dr. Monk; the opinions of some of his contemporary authors; and, lastly, from my own idea of the man's character, formed from the perusal of his laborious and profound writings.

The consideration has often presented itself to my mind, that sketches of the lives and labors of eminent scholars should be presented to the public from time to time, so as to preserve the recollections of the illustrious services performed by these giants in intellect, for the future and present votaries of science, in *perpetuam memoriam*. Bentley lays claim to our literary homage in many ways. As a critic of deep and accurate judgment, his valuable remarks upon the classics have laid a broad ground-work for the elucidating efforts of others. His comprehensive mind seized, with unerring grasp, the most difficult and the darkest errors in the old editions of the classics, and arranged, restored, and explained the true text of his author, formerly buried beneath a mass of confusion and corruption. His services in behalf of classical literature have endeared his memory to every scholar. But not alone as a classical student does the great Bentley demand our admiration. His theological writings are known as extraordinary efforts of talent; a strange conjunction, as one of his biographers remarks, of so much christian excellence of spirit, with actions so utterly devoid of that peace and unity, which should be the principal graces of the christian character.

Richard Bentley was born the 27th of January, 1661-2, at Oulton, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. His father was a respectable yeoman of the former place. At the free school of Wakefield, Bentley received the rudiments of his classical education; and, at the age of fifteen, was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1681, he left the University, and taught a school at Spalding. From thence he was taken by Dr. Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester, who made him tutor to his son, and, finally appointed him chaplain to himself.

Of Bentley's early life and pursuits, whilst at his college, but little is known. He appears, however, to have struck out some new ideas, upon the metre of the Latin poets, at that early age; and is known to have perpetrated some English verses, after the falsest style of Cowley. His biographers generally give it as their opinion, that the mind of Bentley was incapable of comprehending the higher and more imagi-

native order of poetry; an opinion which we shall have occasion to corroborate, in speaking of his edition of Milton. It is supposed, that the emulations, the jealousies, and the personal dislikes, which Bentley had experienced in his college connections, had a strong influence over the rest of his life; it being a well-established fact, that the bitter attacks made by Johnson, in his *Aristarchus Ante-Bentleianus*, are referable to some personal rancor or collision, occasioned by a collegiate feud. Thus, also, we may refer to contrary causes, the attachment which Bentley always preserved for that elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman, Mr. William Wotton, whose name and writings, to the shame of literature I speak it, are only known, in the present age, through the powerful satire of Swift.

It was a lucky day—*albo lapide notata*—in the life of Bentley, when he was admitted into the family of Dr. Stillingfleet. This divine bears the honorable reputation of being the most learned, eminent, and rational member of the English clergy, at that day. His principal writings are known as being the leading controversial arguments, in a firm, dignified, and patriotic resistance against the encroachments of the Crown, at the great crisis of the revolution. In these productions, Bentley afforded his aid and assistance to his patron; the use of the prelate's valuable library, one of the best collections in the kingdom, having doubtless afforded new opportunities for his advancement in the scholastic career. Even at this time, that pride and haughtiness of manner which entered so largely into Bentley's composition, began to display itself. A nobleman, being much struck with the conversation of Bentley, remarked upon his talents to the Bishop, in the most complimentary manner: "Sir," said Stillingfleet, "had he but the gift of humility, he would be the most extraordinary man in Europe."

The literary fame of Bentley received still greater favors at the hands of Stillingfleet, who sent him to Oxford, in the capacity of private tutor to his son. Here he not only made acquaintance with the leading classical and theological scholars of the day, but had the advantage of free access to the valuable MSS. of the Bodleian library. In this stage of Bentley's existence, the formation of those schemes was originated, which to others would have appeared an Herculean labor; but which, in the eyes of the illustrious scholar, possessed no such terrifying quality. The first project entertained by Bentley, was that of forming a complete collection of the fragments of the Greek poets—a work, which if carried into effect, would have entitled him to a still



higher degree of gratitude from the classical scholar; and the want of which, no succeeding industry, upon the part of critics in the Greek language, has yet supplied.

That Bentley abandoned this design, must forever be a subject of regret to the student. His accurate judgment, the quickness of his perception, and his intimacy with every Greek dialect, and every form of metre, would have insured us an authentic collection of these fragments, and an accurate classification of those authors, who are still suffered to lie in confusion, the dread of commentators, and the eye-sore of the classical scholar.

The first acknowledged production of Bentley, as well as one of the most admired of his works, appeared appended to an edition of the Byzantine chronicler, Joannes Malalas; and is known as the epistle to Dr. Mill. This production appeared in 1691-2. It is a remarkable display of critical judgment and deep research—containing a learned disquisition upon the corruptions existent in the old texts of the Greek dramatists and lexicographers, together with a valuable series of critical comments upon the Orphic poets and the Platonists. This epistle laid the foundation for an entirely new school of criticism; it displayed a variety and an accuracy of study, almost unknown in that age, and planted the seeds of a reform in subsequent editions of the classics, which, afterwards, were matured by the exertions of Porson and Elmsley, aided by the researches of many other English, as well as German and French editors of Greek and Latin authors.

In the year succeeding the publication of the epistle to Dr. Mill, Bentley enjoyed the distinguished honor of being appointed as lecturer upon the foundation of Boyle, intended as a complete system of Natural Theology. The subject of these discourses, which formed a series of eight lectures, was the "Confutation of Atheism." The great and comprehensive knowledge, and the intimate acquaintance with the ancient schools of philosophy, combined with an unusual degree of information upon the sciences of the age, displayed in these productions, created a vast sensation in the literary world. The discourses were translated and published in most of the languages of Europe. The style of the lectures is essentially Bentleian, and give a better idea of the character of the man, his pride in the consciousness of literary superiority, the contempt which he exhibits towards his opponents, his coarse and vulgar, sometimes pedantic vein of wit, than any other of his works. The concluding portion

of his refutation of the Atomic theory, is as excellent an illustration of Bentley's peculiarities as could have been obtained by the most minute analysis of his mental organization. I only regret, that space will not allow me to give the extract to which I allude.

Until this period Bentley had maintained the loftiest position in the public eye, as an eminent divine and a powerful scholar. If his language towards the school of atheism was coarse and personal, he had done nothing, as yet, to create reprobation: for the atheists of that day were looked upon in the light of ravenous beasts, to destroy which should be the endeavor of every man. But the hour was at hand, which was destined to league the wit and talents of Oxford against the learning and scholarship of Bentley. His politics were not of a nature likely to conciliate the tory wits of Christ Church; and his manner and language were equally unlikely to gain him friends in the same quarter. To these primary causes of dislike, the rapid preferment of Bentley,—first to the prebend of Worcester, and afterwards to the honorable post of King's Librarian, were sufficient additions to cause an overflow of gall upon the part of the men of Oxford.

A controversy had been commenced in France, by Fontenelle and Perrault, and continued in England by Sir William Temple, upon the comparative merits of ancient and modern attainments in learning. This controversy gradually enlisted upon different sides of the question, most of the eminent scholars at the English universities; among others, Temple, Wotton, Boyle, and Bentley; and found its grave in the celebrated satire of Swift, known as the *Battle of the Books*. So far as the most piquant caricature upon the style, the manners, and the studies of Bentley, aided by all the caustic wit of the satirist, employed to degrade and to mortify the feelings of the object of attack, could avenge Temple, Swift's book answered its purpose in regard to the public. Bentley's pride, like the seven-fold shield of Ajax, protected him—so far as his personal feelings were concerned—from the arrows of Swift's powerful satire. Bentley's great mistake—if truth be a crime—was that of uttering an unpalatable truism at an unsuitable period. His language, in relation to Temple, can hardly be condemned, when we regard the peculiarity of Bentley's style, as harsh and uncourteous; and the most amusing part of the whole controversy, is to listen to Swift's grave accusations of vulgarity and coarseness, in regard to Bentley's language, whilst, at the same time, no scurrility, no filthy and vulgar epithets, are spared upon the

part of the Dean, even while he inveighs against a similar offence in the writings of his rival.

The most bitter, as well as the most interesting part of this controversy, is that portion which relates to the authenticity of the fables of Æsop and the epistles of Phalaris. Bentley, in opposition to the opinions of Temple, who insisted upon the identity of the epistles, proved, very satisfactorily, that the language in which the epistles are written, so far from being that of an "ancient, dignified, and regal composition," is a low and contemptible forgery, emanating from the pen of a modern sophist. He also establishes, beyond a possibility of contradiction, the fact, that those fables usually received as the productions of Æsop, are evidently the composition of the monkish school of Greek literature. It has been since ascertained, that the fables are actually the choliambics of Babrias, turned into prose by the monk Planudes. In reply to these assertions of Bentley, confuting the claims to authenticity which these two works possess, Mr. Boyle assaulted the accuracy of Bentley's judgment, in his examination of the dissertation upon the epistles of Phalaris and the fables of Æsop. It is needless to say, that personal abuse was scattered about, with no sparing hand, in Mr. Boyle's examination.

Now, one of the chief points in this celebrated dispute, hinged upon a transaction which took place between Boyle and Bentley, in regard to an MS. relative to the epistles of Phalaris, the use of which, for a sufficient time, it was charged by Boyle, in his preface to Phalaris, had been refused him, by Bentley, in his capacity of librarian. Bentley, of course, was singled out as an object of attack by the champions of Phalaris; and, at length, in an appendix to Wotton's book in answer to Temple, he took an opportunity of publishing his account of the transaction. But this was not all. He assailed the authenticity of the work; brought all the tremendous engines of his mind, furnished by his wit, his learning, and the convincing powers of his argument, to bear against the defences of Temple and Boyle, which shattered the edifice elevated with so great pains by the latter gentleman. Of course, the publication of this paper raised the flame of animosity to its greatest height. Tory hostility against the eminent and rising Whig divine, burned with fierce heat. It was determined to join forces, and to overwhelm, by an united effort, the aspirant to literary fame, who would struggle onwards to success over the ruins of that learning for which Christ Church had long been noted. Atterbury placed himself at the head of the holy alliance. Smalridge,



Boyle, Swift, Pope, all the learning and wit of Oxford banded themselves against the undaunted Bentley. The answer to the tract was made in the name of Boyle; and was launched forth amid the applause and triumph of the Tory literary and political party, and the corresponding dismay of the Whigs, the only unconcerned member of which body, was the object of attack himself. One of the most original species of assault, in the high humor of Smallwood, is worthy of notice. It is the employment of Bentley's own words against himself; the droll application of his phrases arrayed against his own arguments, being perfectly irresistible.

But if the finer humor of Smalridge was not sufficiently effective, Swift contributed the whole broadside of his satire, and Scaliger a torrent of coarse personal abuse. Swift's satire is inimitable in drollery and sarcasm. "There issued forth, from a squadron of heavy armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armor was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces, and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old, rusty iron; but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain, so that, wherever provoked by anger or labor, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and—

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The generals made use of him for his talent of railing, which, kept without government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good: for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own, he humbly gave the modern generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, that they were all a pack of rogues and fools, and sons of \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels, and that, if he himself had been constituted general," &c.—[*Swift's Battle of the Books.*

Of all his party, it has been ascertained by Dr. Monk, that Boyle was the only one who doubted the weakness of his cause. Bentley alone, on the other hand, stood unmoved



and inapprehensive. "Indeed," said he to an anxious friend, "I am in no pain about the matter: for it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himself." Finally, his answer appeared. Before his learning, his talents, and his reasoning, the brilliant works of the Boylean party faded into thin air. Upon every point started by themselves, they were overcome; at every weapon of their own choosing, they were foiled and vanquished. The storm of ridicule heaped upon the heads of the Oxford men, beat them from every strong hold which they had pre-occupied. The mass of learning, brought by Bentley into the field, confuted every sophism, and laid bare every intricacy of logic, in which the arguments of his opponents were enwrapped. His antagonists were put to the rout on every side; and, in the full tide of his success, he received his appointment as Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1700. The succeeding year found him installed as Archdeacon of Ely.

Upon the discharge of his office at Trinity, Bentley entered with all the intentions of an invading chief. It was a matter of natural jealousy to the society of Trinity, that a stranger should be set over them, who was also a member of its most formidable rival, St. John's College. Upon his fellows, Bentley looked down with the most sovereign contempt; a contempt felt in a greater degree by the fellows of Trinity, inasmuch as they must have been perfectly aware of their immeasurable inferiority to the head of their college. So, before a very long time had elapsed, quarrels began to spring up, like mushrooms; words grew higher, and finally an appeal was made to the Bishop of Ely, in whom the visitatorial power was supposed to be invested. The charges embraced accusations against Bentley of extravagance—peculation—illegal appropriation of the college provisions and money—and abusive language towards the fellows, in addressing whom, Bentley appears to have regarded purity and propriety of speech with no very nice views of its use. One of the articles accuses him of great personal vanity; another charges him with calling "Mr. Eden an ass, and Mr. Rashleigh the college dog;" and of giving information to Mr. Cock of the astounding fact, that "he would die in his shoes;" as also of denominating others of his society, fools and sots, and such other scurrilous names. Bentley, however, extricated himself from the dilemma, by denying the power of visitation to belong to the Bishop of Ely; by making some *slight* political concessions upon the fall of the Whig ministry, and by insisting that the right of visitation existed

only in the crown. A law suit ensued, the issue of which resulted in the regal assertion of its visitatorial rights, and the royal refusal to make any interference in the matter. This took place in 1731; but the suit had undergone many tortuous windings, which I shall notice as I proceed.

At the same time that Bentley was involved in this dispute with his fellows, he managed to embroil himself with some eminent European scholars upon a classical question. The *Emendations of Menander and Philemon*, published at Rheims, and intended to destroy the literary reputation of Le Clerc, met with all the success which was anticipated by the author. A short time previous to this, Bentley edited the two first comedies of Aristophanes, which were printed in 1710, at Amsterdam.

Probably the most dexterous piece of management, evinced by Bentley, originated in the downfall of the Whig ministry. At that time public opinion ran high against him. His law-suit was expected to go adversely to his reputation. At this crisis, Bentley wrote an artful letter to the new Tory Premier, congratulating him upon his escape from Guiscard. Next appeared the long delayed edition of Horace, with an adulatory dedication to the Tory minister. The surprise and disappointment of his antagonists can easily be imagined; his opponents never forgot this tergiversation. "Whenever," says one of them, "he (Bentley) had finished a book, he presented it to some great men at Court, with a panegyrical oration, so conceived that it would fit any man in a great post, and the highest bidder had it."

The deficiencies, and the merits, of this edition of Horace, are familiar to the classical scholar. The remarkable energy and quick decision of the editor, which often savor of hypercriticism, together with the accuracy of taste, and profound intimacy with the Latin tongue therein evinced, are distinctive qualities of the work. Pope attacked it unmercifully,\* and Baxter says that Bentley seems to him "rather to have buried Horace under a heap of rubbish than to have illustrated him." Others have given a different opinion on the subject; and Doctor Hare, in speaking of the edition, avers his belief that it is "the most complete work produced by criticism since the restoration of learning." The dedication of the book, however, answered Bentley's ends, and his contempt for contemporaneous scholars was much too great,

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\*Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains  
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.  
*The Dunciad*, 211.

even to give him uneasiness in regard to his classical reputation.

In the third year of the prosecution against Bentley, the Crown thought fit to withdraw its prohibition against the further proceedings of the visitor. Bentley, before the trial, by his answers to Anthony Collins, upon the subject of Free-thinking, which were published under the assumed name of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, managed to make a diversion of public favor in his own behalf. The work of Collins being construed in the light of an attack upon the English clergy, rather than an assault upon Christianity, the triumphant refutation of his arguments by Bentley, elevated the latter into the highest place in the regard of the clerical body. Indeed, Bentley had the address to represent himself, in the second edition of his work, as a much injured man, prevented only by litigious adversaries from devoting his time to the interests of Christianity and Learning.

But, having in some way alienated the sympathies of Lord Bolingbroke, one of his principal patrons, from his cause, the suit of Bentley began to assume a gloomy aspect. His degradation seemed inevitable. The judge had openly declared his opinion to be adverse to him; when behold! the trial having lasted six weeks, the sentence being prepared, and Bentley upon the eve of ruin, Bishop Moore sickened and died: the "proceedings fell to the ground."

Fleetwood, the successor of Bishop Moore, a Whig of decided character, declared, that if he made a visitation, he should impartially investigate the conduct of the delinquents upon both sides. The fellows of Trinity took the alarm, and the suit would have been finally withdrawn, had it not been for the litigious perseverance of Bentley himself. Bentley struggled for the expulsion of Miller, his most implacable adversary; Miller resisted; and Fleetwood declined to interfere. Meanwhile, the house of Hanover succeeded—the Tory ministry fell to the ground, and Bentley, without the most remote scruples of conscience, placed himself, once more, at the head of the Whig faction. He succeeded in raising a powerful party; received public thanks for his reply to Collins; and the sentence of the Senate against him was rescinded.

Bentley had no sooner regained his strength, than he fell to his old endeavors at obtaining an absolute power in his college. He met, however, with new and formidable opponents, at the head of whom stood Dr. Colbatch. Fresh charges were brought by the fellows against their master, grounded upon the arbitrary disposal of the college livings,



and the illegal proceedings in granting college leases, which Bentley had carried into effect. Fleetwood still maintaining his refusal to interfere, articles were prepared and presented to the Government, on the part of the fellows.

It is remarkable that Bentley's great trick in drawing the public eye from a too minute scrutiny of his actions in college, and fixing it upon his admirable scholarship, was a finesse as often employed as exigency required its use. Accordingly, so soon as he learned the existence of the paper addressed to the Government, he issued proposals for an edition of the Greek testament, which he promised to free from the corruptions and uncertainties of the text then in use. He also meditated the publication of a set of classics, *in usum principis Frederici*, in imitation of the Delphin edition, published in Paris. Some misunderstanding ensued in the course of treaty with the ministry; and both projects, to the lasting detriment of literature, were abandoned by the great critic.

About this time, Miller, the most unwearied enemy to Bentley's views, having, by a publication highly unpopular with both the Ministry and the University, drawn down literary destruction upon his own head, was compelled to relinquish the contest; while Bentley, on the contrary, by a well arranged political charge to the clergy of his arch-deaconry, conciliated matters with the ruling powers. And now we arrive at the most extraordinary act of this most inexplicable man's existence—his appointment to the Regius professorship of Divinity, then vacant.

It appeared that Bentley had some small impediments to remove, before he could pretend to place himself upon this eminence. It seems that he was not only most positively ineligible by actual statute, but that he could command only one vote, (his own;) the other six electors being decidedly hostile to his interests. Yet, in a very short time, men viewed Bentley fully installed in the chair. The electors, as Dr. Monk informs us, were himself, the Vice Chancellor, three heads of other colleges unfavorable to his views, and two senior fellows of Trinity, his determined opponents. One of these latter was absent; the other ill. Bentley contrived the absence of the Vice Chancellor; wheedled two of the heads to support him; voted as the deputy of the Vice Chancellor, and filled his own place with a devoted friend—Dr. Davies, of Queen's College. At the meeting, these four electors appeared; of course, the unanimous choice fell on Bentley.



But this triumph did not result so auspiciously as its commencement seemed to augur. By a pitiful quarrel upon the subject of fees, having demanded, in addition to the usual honorarium, the extraordinary fee of four guineas from each doctor of divinity, created by royal mandate, Bentley embroiled himself with the whole body, and found a more formidable enemy than he had yet encountered, in the person of Conyers Middleton. Middleton brought suit against the Professor, in the Vice Chancellor's court, demanding the repayment of the extra fee. Bentley's intercourse with the other heads of colleges, not having been characterised by any very remarkable degree of amenity, and having been made somewhat notorious, by an ill-habit of demanding of one master,\* (who being "gravelled" upon some discussion, had remarked that he did not understand it clearly,) "whether the meeting were to wait until his mud had subsided,"—of calling others "empty gotches," "Cardinal Alberoni," and such curious nicknames, it could hardly be supposed that they would lend any very favorable ear to his cause. Accordingly, the master of Trinity was suspended from his degrees, and deprived of all his honors and privileges, without the form of a citation or hearing.

The war of paper which ensued upon this matter was maintained against Bentley, principally by Colbatch and Middleton. Middleton entered upon the contest, armed cap-a-pié. Words were liberally bandied about; logical argument and classical literature, intermixed with coarser sprinklings of the vernacular, were hurled at each party, in turn, with incredible zeal and fury. Middleton's efforts upon the subject were crowned with greater success, than his subsequent attacks upon Bentley's capacities for editing the Greek Testament; but the event of the matter did not ensue in such great cause for congratulation on the part of the assailants, both of whom Bentley contrived to convict, successively, of libel against persons in authority. Bentley had managed so well, as to unite his own cause with that of the dominant party in Government. Dr. Middleton was obliged to pay the costs of the suit, and to make a submissive apology to his unrelenting foe.

But this humiliation was not sufficient to prevent Middleton from further attacks upon Bentley, the University having presented him with the post of Librarian, in remuneration of his defeat. Colbatch also fulminated his "Jus Academicum,"

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\*Dr. Ashton.

urging a visitation, against the same common enemy. But the indefatigable Bentley managed to extract from this work, grounds for the prosecution of Colbatch, for contempt of the King's Bench. Colbatch was sentenced to pay a fine of £50; to be imprisoned until the same was paid; and to give security for his good behaviour for one year.

Middleton was equally unlucky. For Bentley, quickened by animosity, picked forth grounds for a similar accusation, from Middleton's tract upon the public library; and the unlucky author was compelled, in his turn, to pay a similar penalty, in the shape of a fine of £50. The University lay prostrate at the feet of this indefatigable litigant. All their contumelious edicts were rescinded; and he was restored to the office of Master of Trinity, in February, 1718.

But this right merrie tragedie, or right tragical comedy, was not yet at an end. In 1728, a new body of opponents, still led by Colbatch, sprang into existence; and after a five years' conflict, in which Bentley vainly displayed all his accustomed political and literary address, the house of Lords decided the visitation to belong to the Bishop of Ely. Bentley, in consequence, was again arraigned; the articles established against him, and he himself, in his seventy-second year, again deposed from his mastership.

In the meantime, Bentley had published, in the year 1726, his editions of Terence and Phædrus, followed by those of Lucan and Manilius. The first of these conferred great credit upon his accurate acquaintance with the laws of metre, and the idioms of the Latin tongue. The Phædrus was a less successful production.

As before stated, Bentley had been degraded from his office; but, instead of paying deference to the edict, he remained in full possession of his lodge, exercising the functions of the office, and receiving the emolument. Middleton is particularly severe, in alluding to this fact: "His conduct," says he, "is not in any way to be accounted for, except we could believe of him what a modern historian relates of another tyrant and usurper, that he found means of contracting with a certain invisible power, for a lease of his government, to be insured to him against all hazards and events, till the charm be out, and his term expired."

The secret of the charm, however, lay in a very simple matter. Bentley could only be expelled by the Vice Master of his college, who being the most attached of his friends, could be prevailed upon by no threats, commands, or entreaties, to perform this part of his office. The death of Bishop Greene put an end to the whole concern, and Bentley

maintained his post to the end of his long life. Not the least characteristic part of his proceedings, is that of saddling the college with all the expenses of the suit, he having insisted that it was a college affair. The last scene of litigation, in which he is known to have figured, finds him engaged with his old adversary, Colbatch, and casting him in the suit, thereby establishing his right to the critical sum of six shillings.

Bentley ended his life at Cambridge, on the 14th day of July, 1742, in the eighty-first year of his age, and lies buried in the chapel of Trinity college. His death refutes the charge of avarice made against him, as he died possessed of but very moderate wealth.

Before closing this paper, I cannot omit the mention of the edition of Milton, published by request of Queen Caroline, in 1732; and the last of Bentley's critical works. The storm of ridicule which this production brought down, is well known to the most indifferent acquaintance with the productions of that age. Shadwell, Tate, Dennis, Ogilby, were lords of the poetic creation compared to Bentley; Nay, Sir Richard Blackmore, "the everlasting," was preferred, by the malicious satirists of the age, to the great scholar. Pope, in particular, makes it a principal object of attack, both in the *Dunciad*, and in *Martinus Scriblerus*. Dr. Johnson is violent in his disapprobation of Bentley's motives. But the work ought to speak for itself; and the editor does not seem to display any very marvellous solicitude for its fate: for, if some stories are to be believed, the notes were all extemporaneous, and the printers requiring copy in great haste, Bentley lumped the whole of the twelfth book, with the cool remark, that fewer liberties having been taken with it, it required but small correction upon his part. Some of his emendations surpass the force of ridicule, themselves. Bentley was utterly incapable of understanding the sublime of poetry, and by a very natural progress, fell directly into the ridiculous. His notes are the very personification of cool impudence, we had *almost* written.

To make a general estimate of Bentley's character, is an extremely difficult task. Although harsh, abusive, and litigious in his public actions, he was eminently distinguished for his private virtues, and for the exactness of his discharge of the social duties. Much of the asperity of his foes may be charged to private dislikes, aided, of course, by the aggravation of fierce personal disputes. Yet his relations towards his family, and his intimate friends, are characterised, by those who knew him, as being remarkable for an excess of

kindness and amiable feeling. His erudition is beyond the reach of our criticism. We can only admire it at a distance. It is established upon too firm a rock to be readily shaken by the blasts of detraction. Dr. Samuel Clarke speaks of him as "*vir in hujusmodi rebus peritiâ plane incredibili et criticos omnes longè longèque judicio et sagacitate antecellens.*" The opinions of eminent foreign scholars confirm this elevated idea of the talents of Bentley.\* Indeed, much of his moroseness appears to be rather the result of political dislikes than otherwise. With Sir Isaac Newton, Spanheim, Cotes, and many of his distinguished contemporaries, he lived on terms of great harmony and intimacy; and we may conclude him to have been a man as much sinned against as sinning. One of his remarks, in the latter part of his life, to his daughter, Mrs. Cumberland, Sen., is worthy of place. She was lamenting that he had applied his time and talents more to criticism, than to original compositions: "Child," said he, "I am sensible I have not always turned my talents to the proper use for which I should presume they were given to me; yet I have done something for the honor of my God, and the edification of my fellow creatures; but the wit and genius of those old heathens beguiled me, and, as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard on fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads was to get up on their shoulders."

I shall resume these papers, and present to my readers, in my next article, the Life and Writings of Porson.

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\*Bentley did not always greatly delight in these praises. Some Dutch commentator having christened him "*Egregius*" and "*Οπάρυ*," "What right," said the Doctor, "has that fellow to quote me; does he think, that I will set my pearls in his dunghill?"



## MINIATURE SKETCHES.

### NO. IV.—OPINIONS OF VOLTAIRE.

I cannot agree with that excellent and pious author, F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, that *Voltaire's* opinions in morals, philosophy, and religion, "must be considered as of very little weight." For, although, doubtless, many *contradictions* are found in the works of this and other infidel writers, it must be admitted, that he has benefited christianity by the declaration of many truths in opposition to *atheists*; truths whose force and effectiveness depend on the peculiar source from which they proceeded. One thought in support of revelation and the precepts of christianity, which appears to *force* its way from the mind of an infidel, is worth a score from a D. D. With all the injury which resulted from the writings of Voltaire, it is certainly true that his opinions have been frequently misrepresented either through ignorance or dishonesty. We are charitable enough to allow the former as the cause in most cases. I was not a little astonished recently, on observing in a religious paper for the opinions of whose editor I have great respect, a declaration—on the authority of an English review I believe—that Voltaire 'rejected the doctrine of future rewards and punishments.' Now as an author's *private* correspondence is the most suitable place wherein to seek his *real* sentiments, I shall content myself with quoting the following, in order to prove, that so far as the above question is concerned, the opinions of this learned infidel-writer, may be claimed as substantiating the doctrines of the bible.: "My dear Marquis\* there is nothing good in atheism. This system is very bad both in physics and morals. An honest man may inveigh against superstition and fanatascism, and may detest persecution; but what good can he do by disseminating those of atheism? Will men be more virtuous for not acknowledging a God, who enjoins the practice of virtue? Assuredly not. I would have princes and their ministers to acknowledge a God; nay more a God WHO PUNISHES AND WHO PARDONS. WITHOUT THIS RESTRAINT, I SHOULD CONSIDER THEM AS FEROCIOUS ANIMALS, who would to be sure, not eat me just after a plentiful meal; but certainly would devour me were I to fall into their clutches when they were hungry, and who after they had picked my bones, would not imagine they had done any thing wrong.†"

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\* M. de Villevielle.

† Correspond. xii. 349.

## No. V.—SINGULAR PREDILECTIONS.

Some manifest a singular preference for objects or pursuits which in the judgments of others, are unworthy of attention. One individual has an unusual fondness for dogs, or horses; another for old books or obsolete coins. Some take delight in collecting and treasuring up relics of greatness or antiquity, such as old ballads, or the autographs of the powerful and the wise. Among those characterised by the first trait to which I have referred, *John Randolph of Roanoke* was remarkable. It is instructing, yet highly amusing, to read his correspondence, where literature, politics, love, money, and even religion, are commingled in the same epistle, with horses and dogs, for which he evinced a passionate fondness.

In a late article from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, may be found a striking example of such singular predilections. She gives a description of the library of *Ithiel Town*; which contains a very extensive collection of books purchased, as it would seem, without any view to their perusal. That extraordinary man, although making no pretensions to literary character, according to the writer's authority, has a much larger and more costly array of authors, than hundreds of men of science. He appears to accumulate volumes for the gratification of his vision, and the establishment of a singular *notoriety* he will not fail to gain. In Mrs. Gilman's "POETRY of travelling in the *United States*," (a name Mrs. Butler, or Miss Martineau, would not be likely to choose, if we may judge from their remarks,) we find a supplement, entitled "a week among autographs;" in which the collection of J. K. TEFFT, Esq. of Savannah, is described. Mr. Tefft has spared no labour or expense in his pursuits; and with the enthusiasm of an alchemist, has accumulated an astonishing number of the *autographs* of men and women of different times and countries, distinguished in the various pursuits of life. Of this innocent passion other examples may be noticed in DR. SPRAGUE of Albany, and ROBERT GILMOR, Esq. of our own city; the latter of whom, has a collection of no less than five thousand specimens. Such men may be deemed silly by those who only view the surface of things; but to those who examine the *motives* and *consequentia* of human actions, they appear in their true light, and manifest far more discretion than these same sneering beings, who spend their hours in idleness or vice and folly, adding not one jot or tittle to the improvement, or enjoyments, of their fellow men. The same remark will apply to the *entomologist*, the *ornithologist*, or the *collector of shells*. However much those in whose *empty* minds no subject will produce thought, may be disposed to *ridicule* the

class of men whose predilections I have pointed out,—it must be admitted, they are in no small degree, beneficial to communities in which they live. They furnish the data from which philosophers, who reason according to *Baconian* rules, are enabled to draw safe and deeply important conclusions—conclusions which shall tend to promote the social or scientific improvement of the age in which they live.

J. E. S.

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### THE BRITON'S SONG.

BY THOMAS R. HOFLAND.

THOUGH British blood is in my veins,  
And British feeling in my heart,  
Still in thy fame, America,  
I feel and claim a part;  
I look upon thy banner free,  
And in it gladly recognise  
The offspring of our own bright flag—  
Flag of a thousand victories.

What though in many a sturdy fight,  
We've met by land and sea,  
One took the side of *Loyalty*,  
The other, *Liberty*;  
And both for their own cause fought well,  
Like soldiers true and good,  
And each man as he struck his foe,  
Knew he shed noble blood.

And now that these hot times are past,  
Let not hard thoughts remain,—  
Old England, in her honest soul,  
All malice doth disdain,  
And young America, I ween,  
Her bosom owns it not;  
Her free warm spirit, long ago,  
Hath all, but love, forgot.

Thus joined in Friendship's silken bonds,  
And blessed with smiling peace,  
Her only rivalry shall be,  
In greatness to increase;  
And each true son of each proud land,  
Refuse this prayer will never:  
Long flourish green Columbia,  
Old England for ever.

## THE HAUNTED PALACE.

BY E. A. POE, ESQ.

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Snow-white palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never Seraph spread his pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.  
Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow—  
This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago—  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the rampart plumed and pallid,  
A winged odour went away.  
All wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows saw  
Spirits moving musically  
To a lute's well tuned law,  
Round about a throne where sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The sovereign of the realm was seen.  
And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door;  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.  
But evil things in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate!  
Ah, let us mourn—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!  
And round about his home the glory,  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.  
And travellers now within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows, see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a rapid ghastly river,  
Through the pale door;  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.



## THE PHILOSOPHICAL EATER.

BY D. HOFFMAN, ESQ.

IN the preceding note\* the reader will find how great an admirer of Æsop I have ever been; and, also, how justly he ranks with the sagest philosophers of any age, maugre that little boys and boyish men are so apt to estimate him lightly, from their hornbook acquaintance with his name, but not with the riches of his wisdom. It seems like one of Nature's most sportive freaks, thus to have enshrined in so diminutive and ill-formed a body, a mind as capacious and beautiful as fancy and philosophy united can well imagine! for all that is admirable in mere human morals, orthodox in general politics, and salutary in domestic economy, may be found either strongly set forth, and forcefully illustrated, or, at other times, shadowed in the life, conversations, and writings of this extraordinary man.

It so happened, a short time ago, that the popular wisdom of the Greek fabulist was strongly shown to me, in its influence in restraining the gastronomic propensities of our race, who thereafter became almost proverbial for philosophical and methodical abstemiousness. I dined, as it was said, *d'une manière sociable*, with an Apician of no little note, and a few others who loved good cheer. The table was slowly, gravely, methodically, and with admirable exactitude, varied by a succession of dishes, that gradually became more and more *recherché* in the ratio that the waning appetite demanded stronger provocatives. All was served up, with matchless concinnity, on a cloth, of the purest taste, and by domestics so admirably schooled, as not only to anticipate your every wish, but to suggest with peculiar and winning delicacy, many others that could scarce have occurred but to the most practised palates; and this, too, on the principle of producing striking results by the strongest possible contrasts—such, for example, as piping hot plumb pudding, and flinty-frozen ice cream; mustard and sweet jellies; strawberries and pepper; Roman punch with a sprinkling of cayenne!

The lord of the feast, however, as his evil genius on that day would have it, was obviously a lame duck as to appetite: for nothing that was present responded to his fitful cravings;

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\*This is a continuation of a former article—"E Pluribus Unum."

most things were mal-concocted—some were but tasted, and others churlishly rejected.

Seated near me was a little gentleman in black, scarce an inch or two above five feet high, with a well-powdered semi-bald head, linen of perfect whiteness, relieved by an emerald of exquisite color and water, evidently of large value, that had been found in a tomb of great antiquity in Persia, (for he proved to have been a great traveller.) This gentleman in black, and of small bodily dimensions, but of large mental capacities, was to our host a total stranger, having been introduced there somewhat in a spirit of merriment by one of the guests, who counted that if the Apician were in high appetite, as was generally the case when the company was select and small, they could scarce fail to be greatly amused with the strange conflicts likely to ensue between him and this very learned *magister of methodical eating*; since no two persons could have been better selected to contrast to the life their several and very distinct modes of living. The travelling gentleman, during the numerous courses, preserved a marvellous taciturnity—ate with high relish and a natural appetite, yet, to the surprise of all, except his friend, he persisted in retaining, through all the services, the viand with which he had commenced, and with which the servants, understanding his humor, with perfect tact, instantly supplied him. In truth, he ate profoundly of the *one* dish, whilst the disabled Apician could of none. The peculiarity of the little gentleman's tenacity to the mutton, excited no little merriment, when, towards the close of the dinner, and after the various wines had been freely circulated, it was remarked that he had selected pale sherry, and could not be induced even to taste of any other. Our hero, however, had now obtained the unlimited use of his tongue, which he applied in a more customary, and, to him, with a more legitimate purpose, than as an auxiliary in eating; and thereby soon approved himself a most delightful companion, a ripe and good scholar, and amusing moralist withal. The Apician, at first chary of his stranger-looking guest, was not slow in perceiving, that his hidden treasures were not designed to be churlishly withheld, jocosely remarked, "The gentleman of the one viand and of the one wine, I clearly perceive has so long made use of his *mind* as a well arranged *cuisine*, where may be found the most varied and savory dishes, that he holds it unfair that one tenement should have two kitchens, and has therefore abandoned to us that which has charge of those which appertain to the *outer* man." This *jeu d'esprit*, which was fair enough for the occasion, and considering from

whom it came, was promptly responded to by the small man in black, who was becoming still more voluble: "By no means," said he; "you mistake me greatly, if you suppose that I value mental fodder only; we all have a body as well as mind to nourish, and I hold in no disparagement the numerous preparations that emanate from the second *cuisine* to which you have alluded, and to which, this day, we are all so largely indebted—you all to the *many*, and I to the *one*. It must be admitted," continued he, "that the object of eating may justly be extended beyond the mere nourishing of the *corps physique*. I concede, that there are *delights* attendant on it which may be legitimately indulged, if the *mens sana in corpore sano* be ever kept in view. You, gentlemen, and I differ only as to the *modus in quo*: for whilst I acknowledge that this gratification is not limited to the naked object of sustaining the body, but may be rendered, in some degree, even intellectual, my plan differs from your's *toto cælo*, in this important particular. Were I, like you, to taste every thing at one sitting, I should, probably, after a while, have no taste at all; but by restricting myself at each meal to one dish, and to one wine, I enjoy all that is known to the culinary art, and the wines of every region, and my enjoyment is both fresh and enduring; hence is it that I have so keenly relished to day my mutton and sherry, with a slowly diminishing gusto, whilst you, gentlemen, have been obliged to resort to numerous provocatives; and as for mine host, with all his science, and amiable jeers at the *oneness* of my *prandium*, he seems to have made but a slender repast on simples, amidst a profusion of the most artfully contrived delicacies."

Here the laugh was fairly turned on the Apician, who bore it with the more grace, not only as being the assailant, but because of certain painful twitches, which for some hours past had rendered him no little curious to know of our philosopher, how it was that high health, a keen relish and accurate taste remained so long with him, when his own health, appetite, and taste, were as fitful as the inconstant moon. "Do tell us," said he, "how it is that you first contracted the habit—and have been able to persist in it—of using but one dish and one wine, surrounded as you have been with the world of good cheer you must have met during your long and extensive travels." "You shall know the whole, with all my heart," replied our travelling moralist, "but only on condition that, when told, you'll not laugh at me unmercifully." "Do, do, the terms are freely accepted," exclaimed they all; "and we promise, moreover, to be your devoted disciples, if you also impart to us, youth, resolution,



a palate, an appetite, and olfactories, even, that deal only with one instead of many, ha! ha! ha!" "Hold, gentlemen, you have already broken your promise." "By no means," said one of the company; "our promise, you remember, was only, not to laugh at you, *after your experience* had been delivered; but, proceed, we are all attention." Our philosopher, after eyeing those around him, and adjusting his tortoise shell spectacles, with due solemnity thus redeemed his promise:—

"When a lad, at Eton, I was distinguished among my companions for two very dissimilar things—an almost ravenous and indiscriminate indulgence of my gastronomic propensities, and for the studious reading of all such works on practical morals, as were at all suited to my age. Among these was Æsop's fables—a special favorite with me, and to which I became so devoted, that the boys in derision used to call me their 'Phrygian Slave'—'Little Bow-legs'—'Sooty Stutterer'—'Cræsus' Favorite,' &c.; all in allusion to well known facts in Æsop's history. But these good-natured taunts in no way diminished my regard for the cherished volume. The fables greatly pleased, not only my young imagination, but my heart and judgment. I delighted to commune with beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, and to drink in the purest counsels, from the lips of those whose endowment with the faculty of speech seemed once more to bring the whole of God's creation into that universal and sweet communion, in which fancy or history finds them when they were all first created. The rationality with which Æsop has invested all nature, inanimate as well as animate, also brought my youthful imagination back to times of the earliest antiquity, and inspired me with an eager desire to trace not only man's degenerate history, but the manifestations of those instincts and habits of other animals, that supplied the place of reason after they, with man, felt the great shock and sad reverse that flowed from the sanctions of a first violated law. No other work of the purest fiction could have raised in my young and ardent mind, half the interest these fables did, as they seemed to invoke man to lay aside his false pride, and to receive, from his created inferiors, those oracles of wisdom he has so long neglected.

"Now, gentlemen, it so happened, that after a *montem* surfeit, indulged in with some of my companions, who on other days, also, than Whit-Tuesday, worshipped the god VENTER, to the exclusion of nearly all other Gods, I was enduring the pains and penalties of our homage, when I had recourse to my favorite author; and, on opening it, the first



fable that arrested my attention was that of the "*Ass eating Thistles.*" This poor beast, as you all know, was loaded with well balanced panniers, filled to repletion with all sorts of dainty provisions for his master and his retainers. Pursuing his way, the humble ass encountered on the road-side a fine large thistle; and, not being out of appetite, he made on it a most delicious repast. Whilst so employed, he also thus philosophised: 'How many greedy epicures,' said he, 'would think themselves happy amidst such a variety of delicate viands as I now carry; but, to me, this bitter, prickly, thistle is far more savory and relishing than the most exquisite and sumptuous banquet.' The ass, gentlemen, knew very well that the epicures that day, who were to dine with his master, would delight in the anticipation of each and all the viands; but, perhaps, he did not know the misery of a sated and exhausted stomach—one that having been wearied and diseased by a too much and a too *mixed* indulgence of the goods of the table, ends in the wreck of mental as well as of bodily health. The ass, I am sure, knew nothing of the *arthritic*—nothing of the pains that torture "*the toe of libertine excess*"—nothing of the famed six cogent arguments for the gentility, honor, and blessing of the gout, as given by one *Philander Misaurus*—and, finally, nothing that might well be said in reply to Master Misaurus. But, as for myself, my resolution was at once taken; and, with the fable in my hand, and with many pains in my head and stomach, consequent upon my recent surfeit, I mentally vowed, henceforth and forever, to go with the ass in the simplicity, the *oneness* of my diet; and that, if I must gormandise, it should not be physically, but mentally; it should be the *helluatio librorum, sed non ciborum*; and to this resolve have I ever since most tenaciously adhered. Nearly forty years have now passed, and I have enjoyed the most buoyant health, an unmitigated natural appetite, and, what may seem to you very strange, I am both practically and theoretically acquainted with the results of the culinary art, of nearly every region of the globe. And though I have dined to day on mutton and sherry, you must not imagine that I have done the like through life: for it is quite probable, that were you to seek in the lives and works of famed eaters, or of those who record their exploits, from the times of the Grecian *Methecus*, *Epicurus*, *Glaucus*, *Egisippus* and others; in the writings of the Roman *Varro*, *Columella*, and *Apicius*, or, finally, in the more modern *Platini*, *Scappi*, *Von Rumohr*, *Kitchener*, the *Almanac des Gourmands*, *Ude*, and a host of others, you will scarce find one among the good livers who

ever ate or drank of a greater variety of exquisite dishes or wines, and yet with no pains of head, eyes, or venter, than myself—all of which was the happy result of a rigid avoidance of all *mixture at the same meal*, that is of more than one viand with its appropriate vegetable, and one wine."

Here the loquacious *Mr. Cornaro* (for that was the *nom d'honneur* which the Apician afterwards conferred on him,) would have ended his singular narrative; but such was the interest, as well as curiosity, which our *Æsopian* sage had by this time excited, that he was not long permitted to remain silent. The wonder still continued how he could possibly have become so *practically* familiar with all that is known in the French, German, Italian, and Asiatic *cuisine*, consistently with his alleged restriction. "There is no difficulty here, gentlemen, that needs much explanation, to vindicate my jeopardied veracity," replied Cornaro, with some mixture of good humor and gravity; "much may surely have been done in this way, during so many years, acting as I ever was on a uniform system. Nature, as I before stated, had given me strong propensities to good cheer; art was, therefore, to be invoked, after I had formed my resolution, so as to minister to this propensity as much of comfort as might consist with the faithful execution of my vow; and this was effected, by my enjoying the numerous goods of the table, in all countries, not as you have done, consociately, nor yet consecutively, but truly *separate'y*, by always leaving an interval for each of at least twenty-four hours. Now, my friends, we seem to have differed essentially, in our practice, only in two things; but these two produce all the difference. Unlike you, I have invariably shunned *mixture*, and have also rigidly *stopped eating* as soon as there was a clear manifestation that hunger had subsided; for I never ate any thing through the medium of a provocative, or for a mere *palatial* gratification." Here an involuntary smile, amounting to a subdued laugh, became visible on every countenance—for Mr. Cornaro was certainly an egregious pedant, at least in the use of language. But he proceeded. "My variety, then, arose from a daily, weekly, or monthly change of diet, or of the mode of preparing it; and though I indulged in this singleness at each meal, forty years are surely quite sufficient to exhaust every article to be found in the united bills of fare of Europe and of Asia. But, that I might perfect my plan, I kept with an exact care, what I called my *Index Expurgatorius*—for if any of the numerous articles disagreed with me twice, I recorded it there, and never touched it more. My extensive travels, moreover, rather harmonised

with this mode of living. Nature seemed to have provided for man the means of a rich and various repast; all things were evidently created for his *use*, but it was equally clear to me, that the *abuse* consisted in the villainous mixtures, and in the oppressive quantities, so universally consumed at a single meal; still, my Etonian philosophy and resolution were not so *ultra* as to occlude any thing that nature, or a well-devised art had provided, so long as it proved to me a friend. *Mixture* and *excess* were the only enemies with which I had to combat; and if I occasionally discovered a foe among the many articles enrolled in the bills of fare, I bade it a willing and eternal farewell. How much was thereby saved to my purse—how little I had to commune with the sons of Esculapius—how much time has been economized, and how many incommunities, and pains of every kind, I have avoided, need not now be recounted. A catalogue of ingeniously contrived dishes, &c. under the heads of '*Potages—Petits hors-d'œuvres—Poissons—Bœuf—Entrées de Pâtisserie—de Volatille—de Veau—the Entremets de Legume—de Douceur—the Pots—the Desserts*'—as also the '*Vens rouges, blancs—the Vens de liqueurs,*' &c. &c., never gave me the least alarm, as I partook of only a single viand from the long list, and on occasions of required temperance, dined at *Very's*, the *Grand Valet*, or at the *Rocher de Cancale*, in great comfort, on a *Charlotte russe*, (but never of course on an *omêlette soufflé*,) with a glass of iced water, I found that, even after a few years, every article of every bill of fare, was perfectly familiar to me.

"I cast my eye over all animated nature, and found MAN to be the only *cooking animal*! Cooking, then, was evidently no deflexion from his nature, but of the very ordination of Him by whom he was created. Animals cook not, merely because they cannot; man cooks, as prompted thereto by reason and by knowledge; and even brute beasts are sometimes greatly benefitted in their food, by man's acquaintance with the chemical and other results of the culinary art. You see, then, gentlemen, that I am far from joining in a prescription against this useful science of cooking; which, if it has killed its hundreds, it has also blessed and prolonged the lives of its millions. And though it was, perhaps, an exaggerated fancy in Voltaire to say, in his accustomed general way, *qu'un cuisinier est un mortal divin*, it is still a fact that the statistics of France show a manifest diminution of disease, and a consequent prolongation of human life, since the art of cooking has assumed the form of a science; and I am quite satisfied that the preparation of dishes *a la Francaise, ou a*



*Italian* is more conducive to both results, than the raw and savage mode so usual in my native land. I have a particular fondness for the French entremet of *aspergis aux petitis pois*, but have never, since my return to England, now a full half year, been able, even by many threats and large bribery, to prevail on any cook to serve them more than half-boiled. This you know was a Roman fashion to a proverb—*asparago citius*—and Augustus used to say, when he desired to have his commands quickly executed, ‘do it as speedily as asparagus boils.’ But though it be thus ancient and imperial, it is a cruel fashion, and no where more savagely practiced than in England.

“Your vegetables are only scalded, your viands are often but scorched, and your game comes to the table, more cooked by the *sceptic* processes of nature, than by the fires of the *cuisine*. The *gravamen*, then, of which alone I have to complain, is not of cookery, in most of its modern forms, (and especially out of England,) but simply of the uses, or rather abuses, made of its luxurious results. The cook has generally performed his duty, and produced almost invariably, things edible and highly salutary; but his employers have rendered them almost poisonous, by blending so many of them at a single meal, and by an indulgence without stint, long after appetite has ceased, and after the powers of digestion have nearly terminated.

“The ancient cooks, you remember, were at one time the vilest of slaves; but, after a while, they rose in high estimation; and, leaving their kitchens, they came with triumph into the schools, among the philosophers. Their vile vocation became an honored art, and lastly, even a lauded science:—for it is said that the Syracusian *Archestratus*, after travelling over the world in search of good cheer, composed an epic poem to illustrate its heroes; and that even Aristotle did not think the *ars culinaria* unworthy of his philosophic pen. I speak not here in commendation of that unmeaning luxury, and expensive gluttony, which marked the career of a Vitellius, a Heliogabalus, a Geta, a Lucullus, a Claudius, or a Gallienus. Magnificence, taste, and science, when carried to such excesses, lose all their charms, and sink into a degrading and disgusting fatuity. You remember, for instance, the emperor Geta was so refined an epicure, and had such an insatiate maw, withal, that his numerous dishes were brought in by divisions, and each alphabetically; and that his feeding would sometimes endure several days without intermission. We are likewise told that the emperor Vitellius was entertained, by his brother Lucius, with many



thousand rare and expensive fishes, and with no less than seven thousand choice birds, each of peculiar value; and further, that luxury had attained such a mad height among the Romans, that the palate seemed to derive enjoyment from the combined consideration of the vast expense and shocking cruelties with which the articles served up were procured. Hence was it, that the combs of living cocks, in vast numbers, were cut from their heads to form a single dish; the brains of thousands of peacocks occasioned vast slaughter, to satisfy the ideal taste of a beastly monarch; rarely singing and talking birds, each of no small value, were collected on a large platter, and were then valued in what would now amount to nearly £5000 of our money; lampreys were said to be rendered inexpressibly delicious, by being fed on human flesh; and even costly *pearls* were dissolved to swell up the expense of their bill of fare, and to make the combination of expense with cruelty, as perfect as possible. Well might the splendid Lucullus, in such an age, designate each of the various eating saloons of his palace, by the name of some deity, so that the steward of his banquets might know at once the intended expense and magnificence of a *cæna*, by his master's merely stating the name of the saloon in which he would have it take place. Well might the *cuisiniers* of those days collect, at untold prices, the crabs of Chios, the trouts of Pessinuntium, the cranes of Melos, the peacocks of Samos, the turkeys of Phrygia, the kids of Ambracia, the oysters of Tarento and even of distant Albion, where we now happily are, and especially after the Trajan Apicius had discovered the important art of keeping them almost indefinitely fresh. Well might they do all this, and likewise go to Egypt for dates, to Iberia for chestnuts, and also expend, as the Tiberian Apicius is said to have done, no less than a million sterling on his kitchen: for it is manifest, that the deity of the then world, was the god of every vitiated appetite of body and of soul; and that the Jupiter tonans should have taken the name of Jupiter edans! Very different, however, is the luxury and the refined aims of the culinary art of the present age; which, though sometimes carried to excess, and often abused by the mixtures and quantities in which we indulge, and which I have so carefully guarded against, is an art entitled to great commendation. The luxury of the ancients, often brutal, unmeaning, and foolishly extravagant, is widely removed from ours, which is far more subdued in every particular—has the utilities of life much more in view—is far more scientific and salutary;—and were every one to adopt the plan suggested to me by my Montem

surfeit, aided by the *Æsopian* fable I have mentioned, I see no reason to fear the decline of the culinary art. The entire system of European and of Asiatic cookery might remain, and become still more refined and improved: for my long experience has resulted in proscribing but few dishes, and still fewer among the wines and liqueurs; so that, after all, my *Index Expurgatorius* contains but a meagre list.

"I have sometimes thought, that the national cookery afforded me no little insight, *a priori*, into the national character of a people; thus, in the fantastic and gossamer features of nearly all that is ushered from the French cuisine, in the various colours, distillations, reductions, and refinements of their *Entrées*, their *Entremets de Legumes*, *et de Douceur*, and of their *Desserts*, we find mirrored forth their ardent fancy; their devotion to things of taste and parade; their artificial worldly policy and speciousness; their indomitable vanity; and, above all, their want of genuine sentiment. So, likewise, in the substantial, honest, and perfectly undisguised dishes, so usual among the Germans, we perceive their national phlegm, their characteristic openness, their laborious habits, their indifference to mere physical refinements, and their pervading economy. So, in our own country, the simple boil, and still more primitive roast, and the almost total absence of ail greasy appliances, suit the plain and unvarnished character of John Bull; and, finally, the homony, roasting-ears, hasty-pudding, treacle, wild-game, succotash, and a hundred others among the Americans, indicate their Indian associations; whilst their German, French, British, and various other dishes, manifest their extremely miscellaneous origin; and that the people have as little of *national cookery* as of *national character*. I admit, that in all nations the *élite* will depart from the general rule, and that gourmands may every where be found, seeking after the culinary *chef d'œuvre* of other lands. And the same remark, as to the influence of diet on character, applies to individuals—the Emperor Charles V not being much out of the way, when he said, 'I'll tell you what a man *thinks*, if you'll tell me what he *eats*.'

"In the use of wines, I have sometimes experienced a little difficulty, from the well-known practice among most nations, of introducing different wines, supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the several courses. In France, you know, the *vin ordinaire*, with its copious admixture of water, is made to flourish for a time, at their entertainments. The *vins d'entremets* prevail during the intervals between the courses; and it is often the case that certain dishes demand the

presence of particular wines. If, therefore, the *chablis* must accompany oysters, and *cillery* the roasts; if the *liqueurs*, or the highly dry wines cannot be taken out of their course, I had to make my selection, at each entertainment, of the wine destined for a known course, and to abstain, before and after, from all others. I should have experienced, however, insurmountable obstacles in all this, had the Athenian practice prevailed of drinking toasts, which demanded not only a bumper, but that the cup should be drained, in each case, of its contents; and to see this honestly done, officers were in attendance, clothed with the high powers of seeing that each man did his duty! No such amiably intended compulsion, thanks to Bacchus, ever visited me; but I have always been permitted to say, or nod my '*bene mihi bene tibi*,' with but a poorly replenished glass, and that, too, but only tasted.

"I have now, gentlemen, in compliance with your wishes, stated, perhaps, too fully, my views of the mode of rationally enjoying all the good cheer, which a true Apician ought to covet: for the sum of my gratification must have been quite equal to that of any one of your's; and, moreover, I never expended, since I left Eton, a single pound on all the Esculapians of my own and of other lands; whereas, even among the friends and acquaintances I have made in various parts of the world, I may truly say, with the Roman proverb, *plus gula quam gladius*."

Here Mr. Cornaro removed his spectacles, called for a glass of water—and was silent.

"I confess," said our host, "you have argued your point with great ingenuity and ability; and if you could but subtract forty years from the sum I now count, and place me a youth at Eton school, and give me *Æsop's* fables for my daily study, and surfeit me with a Montem frolic, then, all that you have so charmingly detailed would scarce fail to make me a *practical* convert to your unquestionably sound philosophy; but, as it is, I greatly fear that, for the residue of my life, I shall be obliged to say, as King Agrippa said unto Paul, *almost thou persuadest me to be thy disciple*."

With this, our company bade adieu to their host—all seemingly much pleased with so curious a specimen of an ancient philosopher, who, like the wandering jew, was flourishing in modern times!

## REVIEWS.

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**HOME EDUCATION.** By Isaac Taylor, author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Physical Theory of Another Life," &c. &c. 1 vol. pp. 330. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1838.

THERE can be no surer proofs of the degree of excitement which prevails in relation to subjects of public interest than those to be discovered in the condition of the press. If the community once become interested in any scheme proposed as beneficial in its results, the workings of their minds will be at once indicated by its general bearing and tone. There is no error more generally prevalent than that which attributes an undue influence to the press. Hence we hear the appellations of "mighty lever," "mighty engine," "irresistible power," &c., daily used in reference to it. It is too often viewed as a something independent of society; as a master rather than a servant. In passing it may be remarked, that, however loudly and boldly its conductors may proclaim their independence and lordly sway, they are, after all, the mere channels of public sentiment,—mere mirrors reflecting the images of the general mind. Nor is the fact otherwise, when a single individual takes the lead in any new measure. That individual's mind may be regarded only as a focus to which the rays of public thought converge. It will be found that those who seem most sanguine and firm in the advocacy of any supposed measure, are most generally, such as feel secure in the support of the great bulk of the populace. Those who superintend the press cannot be supposed to be guided by principles different from those which influence the conduct of other classes of society. All men are, to no small extent, the slaves to self-interest, whether or not they are willing to confess the fact. It is not, therefore, possible, in view of the laws of our moral economy, that we should pursue a course directly opposite to that which interest points out. The press is dependent on the community for the permanency of its operations. And, hence, it is hardly to be supposed that its conductors would *disregard* the public voice—more especially when they can derive more information and arguments, as well as pecuniary support, from a course of acquiescence. It is, and should be, controlled by the community; and in suffering such control it finds its path far more plain, and less environed with difficulties and doubts. Its supervisors will find it advisable, in most cases, rather to float upon the stream of public feeling, than to attempt to obstruct it. This last remark needs, it may be, some degree of qualification,



The community must be supposed so far intelligent, as to judge sanely, of the many questions presented for their decision. Such a social condition is to be found in the United States, if any where. There is no country in which knowledge is more generally and cheaply diffused among the many. The difference, indeed, between our republic and those of an earlier age, consists in the fact, that knowledge, in the one instance, was confined to the few; in the other, it becomes the property of the many. Where, therefore, the majority are recipients of useful intelligence, although it be of merely a limited nature, there is nothing to be feared from trusting to their decision, all measures affecting the mass, however important in their bearing. It is wisdom in governments, to make the populace feel the responsibility of their stations as members of a great family, on whose harmonious intercourse and correct deportment, depends their own happiness. Under such an arrangement the people, if in their own view not fully prepared for self-government, will speedily adopt judicious measures for the enlightenment of public sentiment. Doubtless in the early stages of the great American governmental experiment, the absence of knowledge was viewed with painful solicitude; and the first object of our *national* laws, as well as those of state enactment, should have ever been to extend every facility for the free dissemination of truth. A peculiar feature in our system, displays itself in the feeling of *individuality* which is remarkable in the United States. Each appears to act as though he were the true government, or as though the whole weight of the great edifice of liberty, were resting upon his shoulders. Under such circumstances it were strange did not the thirst for general or "useful knowledge," as it has been styled, which is characterising our people, actually exist.

At the present time there is a remarkable degree of excitement on the subject of education. And, if the proposition laid down in the outset of my remarks, be tenable, this excitement is on the increase, and it will continue to become stronger and stronger. The press has been truly prolific. We have had lectures and volumes *ad infinitum*, on the all-absorbing theme of education. Let them come! The more rapidly such productions are published the cheaper will they become; and, as a natural consequence, they will be perused by the greater number of those they are most likely to benefit. No class of books do we hail with more unaffected pleasure; and although we cannot conscientiously adopt the language of a contemporary in saying that "we make it a rule to read *all* the works on education," we may add, that we have read much and meditated deeply. We have watched with an anxious eye, every movement of the wheels that are revolving in our educational machinery. Nor do we profess to admire the kind of motive power sometimes used for propelling it. We had rather observe a movement less rapid, for reasons which may be gathered from our sequent remarks. We fear that the force of some steam-like power, is too much relied on for the accomplishment of ends that it were more judicious to attempt to secure by a slower, yet safer, process. A degree of impatience in physical and intellectual

pursuits, is becoming prevalent among our people. The substitution of rail-road locomotives and cars, for horses and carriages; and steam-boats and steam-ships, for canoes and sail-vessels, has produced effects on the feelings of the travelling community, not unlike those which the forced and hurried educational processes, or so called improvements, have had on the minds of the rising generation. If time permitted, I might point out not a few evils likely to attend some of the plans of school discipline, most in vogue at the present day, and plainly demonstrate, that it would be far better, so to speak, to move the intellectual machinery by hand, or water power, instead of steam. To change my figure, it would seem that there is too much dependence, now-a-days, on the hot-bedding system of mental culture. Such may be the best plan for forcing vegetables to maturity, but it will be found illy to comport with the laws of the human mind, whose products, in order to be full-grown and healthy, must be left more to the influence of nature's laws. The intellect may be forced like vegetables, until the teacher, as the gardener, wonders and admires as he gazes incredulously upon the result; but such exotic minds will, after all, never be found compact in the arrangement of their structure and capable of resisting the decomposing influences of atmospheres of thought by which they may be surrounded.

No word in our vocabulary would appear less clearly understood than *Education*. Some seem to speak of it as though it were inseparable from the school-house or college. It so happens, that the most familiar and oft-repeated words are the last subjected by us, to the defining process. I have seen the most sensible and even educated individuals struck speechless when asked to define *a tree*. Such would, perhaps, meet a no less trivial obstacle in the definition of *education*. Let us, then, in view of the great importance of the subjects before us, become children, or at least etomological students, for a moment. As every one knows, who has paid any attention to the study of the Latin language, *to educate* is derived from *educo*. The first meaning attached to it by Latin lexicographers, is *to foster*. Now no one can separate the verb "to foster," from the thought of parental care. The ideas are connected by the strong ties of natural association. Instead of occupying the first place in the series of definitions, the words "to teach" (or impart knowledge) stand last. It would appear clear, then, that the word "education," refers to a process peculiar to, or commencing with, existence. Indeed in its closest meaning it implies any influence extended over the young mind by her to whom the destiny of each being is committed, whether she be attached to an enlightened or savage race. We may go even further in defining this term, and include all those influences which control the *physical* organs of infantile life. Had our author favored us with a definition he would doubtless have extended the meaning of the term, fully as far as I am disposed to venture on this occasion.

There cannot be any doubt of one fact: The term under examination has been so confined in its meaning, that many erroneously ascribe to the influence of *natal genius*, effects whose supposed

causes did not seem to be legitimately referable to the province of education. Nor have such mistakes been otherwise than productive of the most lamentable consequences to many a youth, who has mistaken educational peculiarities, impressed at a period beyond the recall of memory, for the spontaneous workings of nature. Never will the momentous subject of education be fully elucidated until it is treated in view of all the physical, intellectual, moral, and divine circumstances of life. These must be embraced within the broad folds of its meaning. Education may not inaptly be conceived of as a chain whose first link is attached to the cradle, the last to the grave. Nor is this all. Those who are engaged in the responsible profession of teachers, seem, for the most part, to have passed unnoticed, the essential preliminaries of their career. Many of them are guilty of a dereliction of duty they would note with a smile of derision, in the most obtuse husbandman. The agriculturist who should attempt to cultivate different vegetable growths, without the least regard to the adaptation of the soil, to substances he desired to obtain, could not, as it will be granted, reasonably anticipate success in his labors. The implements of husbandry, however ingeniously and scientifically contrived, in his hands, would prove inutile and powerless. For a like reason, the teacher, whether parental or professional, who may attempt to impart knowledge, to the minds committed to his or her care, regardless of their peculiarity of native conformation, need not wonder at the most arduous struggles resulting in a mere waste of time. Whoever shall observe closely the laws of the vegetable kingdom as they present resemblances to those of our peculiar physico-mental nature, will perceive many analogies which will present the most efficient aids in conducting our investigation of facts connected with the subject under review. There is needed no other proof of this position than the fact, the consciousness of the reader, will attest—viz: that it is impossible to treat of the human mind without falling into just such analogical deductions. As, therefore, a study of the nature of the terrene soil, is absolutely requisite to insure agricultural success; so should an inquiry into the laws of the human intellect, constitute the preliminary duty of the teacher of youth. Nor is it our design in this place, to urge upon either parents or public preceptors, the study of intellectual philosophy as taught in the books. The analysis of the opinions of the most approved metaphysicians, may be a pursuit proper enough for those who are, or wish to become, professors of moral science,—or even learned civilians whose first and sole aim is profundity and extension of knowledge for its own sake; but after all, the surest mode in which we may expect to come to a correct perception of facts bearing upon the important science of mind, is to study the laws of our two-fold being, amid the ever-changing phenomena of life. The true student of intellectual philosophy, is he who gathers his facts, by dint of observation, and trusts to the books merely as adjuvants in the arrangement and classification of such facts, or as *condiments* to excite the appetency and accelerate the digestive process of the mind. If we desire to take well-directed steps and avoid all



obstructions, we must move slowly, and keep an attentive eye upon the path of observation. That which deserves the name of *knowledge*, is to be obtained only by patient labor, and must be received with distrustful feelings. Many a paragraph would now be stricken from the pages of the most popular books of metaphysical science, were their authors permitted to live anew the hours consumed in their composition. And yet such volumes form the *text-books* in our schools and colleges, and their false theories are daily forced upon immature minds incapable of resisting their ingress, by a process of educational *impressment*, whose *velocity* is the boast of the teacher, the joy of the parent and the bane of the unlucky student. *Quod dico non ignotum*, as the ill success of many a youth will attest. Nor need we anticipate a more judicious procedure on the part of instructors until they are willing to cast off the chains of slothfulness which bind them hand and foot, and to study both the quality of the seed they are sowing, and the nature of the soil in which it is expected to spring up and fructify.

The volume now introduced, contains internal evidences of being the result of observation and patient investigation of the phenomena of the infantile mind. The unpretending title, "Home Education," is, by no means, an index to its bearing. It is in the strictest sense—for whatever its author may have designed it—an inquiry into the laws of the human mind in the first stages of its development. Mr. Taylor has attempted the achievement of mental triumphs from which less bold and vigorous minds would turn in fear of failure. He has aimed in the penning of the present volume, at the inculcation of the unavoidable necessity of cultivating the intellectual faculties in the 'natural order of their development.' His strictures upon the educational errors of the age, are often, severe, and in most cases, accompanied by a train of analogical reasoning, which is, generally, irresistible; although in many places entirely too abstract and too dimly exhibited to be understood even by the educated and opulent classes of England, for whom, doubtless, he intended it. I regret this the more, because his previous works—particularly "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and "Physical Theory of Another Life," which it will be recollected, we reviewed at some length in late numbers of this journal—have been more extensively read than, perhaps, any other works of the *abstractive* class, which European, or American, pens have given to the public. It has been observed with pain, by men of reflection, that our countrymen have manifested but little care for the perusal of this class of writings. Now it may be affirmed that, as a general thing, their rejection may be referred to religious prejudices. These are to be accounted for on the principle of associated ideas, on the one hand, and ignorance on the other. *Metaphysics* is a term so little understood and repulsive (because improperly associated in many minds, with infidelity) to some religionists, that they turn away in terror, from every book whose title implies the idea of scientific examination into questions of a spiritual, or moral, bearing. Had this volume, therefore, been issued with a title indicative of its contents, instead of the plain one of "Home Education," hundreds who will, now,



purchase and peruse it, would consign it to a quiet dwelling place among the sombre tenants of the dark nook of a bookstore or library, where Locke and Newton keep silent company with the morose sages of Greece and Rome. We have hinted that this volume argues the necessity of cultivating the mental faculties in the order of their "natural development." To this should be added, in order to a full understanding of the scheme proposed, that it likewise keeps particularly in view, the training of the *moral* faculties and feelings; the neglect of their culture cannot be followed by those intellectual characteristics attaching to the truly great mind. It is only necessary to hold a transitory communion with the lectures and books of the age, bearing upon the great subject of education, to learn that all agree, at least, in the absolute necessity for moral and intellectual training moving hand in hand. Indeed, the scheme before us, extends still further, and affectionately embraces within the arms of preceptorial care, even the *physical* well-being of children. Nor will any one object to our assigning so wide a field to the supervision of the teacher, when he reflects upon the all-controlling power of corporeal insanity—and particularly diseases of the brain or its appendages, and those of a strictly neuralgic character—as connected with the development and invigoration of the infantile, or youthful mind. I am sure, those of our readers who have not closed their eyes to the light of medical science which is beginning to manifest itself despite of veils of technicalities and professional illiberality, will readily credit me, when I take it upon myself to boldly affirm, that the practice, if not the theory, of parents is markedly reprehensible, when considered in relation to the mutual and unalterable dependence between the physical and intellectual organs. How frequently do we observe children of feeble constitutions, whose strength is scarcely adequate to sustain the labors of locomotion, hurried off to the school-room to perform mental labors, equally with the most vigorous of the group. Now, it would not be difficult to foretell the failure of such a practice, or the death of many a child, as the natural consequence. The conduct of such parents may be deemed not less unreasonable and cruel, than that of the grazier who should trust his flocks to ignorant, or merciless, shepherds who would subject the weak and tottering lamb to the same treatment as the most vigorous and frisky of the flock. And the teacher who pursues this, by no means unusual, and indiscriminating, course, is not a whit more deserving of censure and unworthy of the station he fills, than the rude herdsman who urges the mass from pasture to pasture, or along the highway, regardless of the actual inability of a portion of the flock, to move without torture, and accompanying every step with the lash. Those teachers or parents who may suppose my declarations, in this place, unwarrantable, are urged to suspend their judgments until they shall have examined the opinions of the volume under notice upon this and kindred points. However we may be found to differ in our mode of setting them forth, it will be seen that I have done no more than to *indicate* views of the subject which I leave the reader to *learn* fully from their perusal.

Never will the evils of a misdirected education, cease to exist until parents observe more closely the condition of children's health, and point out to their instructors, their peculiar conformation, and their corporeal or mental inability, (and even *idiosyncrasies*,) that he may keep them in view in the conduction of their thoughts, along the paths of knowledge, too often rendered rugged and thorny by the *inaptitude* of the teacher to the profession of his choice. We are sorry to speak thus plainly. Yet the importance of the subject demands such a course.

Our author dwells at large and with deep interest, on the necessity of conducting education according to that plan, which proposes to *vary* the process, to suit each particular mind; in other words to apportion the duties of children, in kind and quantity, in such a manner as to meet the mental peculiarities of each. To secure this, he prefers *home* education—the definition of which we leave him to give in the sentences with which we begin an exhibition of his views. Indeed, he goes so far in conducting his reasoning, as to pronounce “home education,” understood as he uses the term, indispensable—in a word, as the *only* means of safely developing our intellectual capacities, and of insuring the attainment of mental power to be manifested in the pursuits of the various occupations of mankind:

“I wish to secure the attention of some who may be my readers, to a point adverted to more than once in the course of the volume, namely, that although the phrase—Home Education—understood in its primary import, means, of course, the education of a family under the paternal roof; yet, the principles and the methods of instruction propounded in this work are, I hope, such as, with more or less modification, may be applied in all cases where the number assembled around a teacher does not greatly exceed the limits of a large family.”

As the meaning of our author's “home,” is now clearly set forth in the above passage, we give the following, bearing with just severity, upon the HURRYING PROCESS, on which I have animadverted in my prefatory remarks. He seems to have used the nicest analysis of the motives of teachers, and, of the results of their mistaken steps:

“Moreover, the urgent influence of competition among teachers, and the stirring spirit of rivalry between public schools, have the same strong tendency to push forward whatever may be brought the soonest and the most certainly to a palpable issue. The visible and audible sum total of accomplishments brought home by a boy when he leaves school, is what must be thought of, and the thought of which must govern the methods of teaching, as well as determine the choice of studies, and the degree of attention that is to be bestowed upon each. Certain branches of knowledge, although of the highest intrinsic importance, are perhaps only in a low degree capable of being exhibited; and it is certain that there are methods of teaching what is taught which, while they invigorate the faculties, leave, in the memory, a smaller amount of particulars, such as can be adduced, or repeated.

“I hope this statement of a main characteristic of school teaching will not be thought illiberal: assuredly it does not imply the presence of any motive of a discreditable kind; and if it involves any blame, it is a

blame that should rest with parents, and must attach to public opinion rather than fall upon those who have no choice but to meet the expectations of their employers, whether reasonable or not. Inevitable motives, not of mere interest, but of laudable professional zeal, and proper ambition, must always render school education a system calculated to produce speedy results; and in its methods of procedure it must be more or less improvident, and in some degree wasteful of the intellectual vigor of the young: nor can it be expected that any improvements yet to be made, either in the science or the art of education, should materially affect a course of things which arises necessarily from the relative position of parents and teachers.

"It is only at home that a principle altogether different is likely to be carried into effect, or that the remote consequences of early training should be admitted, without disturbance, to regulate the entire process. And yet, even at home, the influence of the very same motives must be guarded against in each instance in which parents avail themselves, as ordinarily they must, of the services of teachers of particular accomplishments. The home teacher, with a natural solicitude to justify himself, or herself, will always be tending to the same point—a quick and visible result; nor in truth, are many parents able thoroughly to dismiss from their own bosoms the instinctive desire to see their children shine, and shine in comparison with others. Very much that is gratifying must be foregone, when a clever child who might easily have been made to blaze with various accomplishments, is quietly trained under a severe regard to what the future man may be, and do."

In a chapter on the comparative advantages of home, as opposed to *public* education, we find opinions which the zealous advocates of a system of general education as provided by law in many of our states, and even in monarchical governments, may receive with distrust—at which, however, they will hardly be offended. There is a vein of patriotic feeling, as well as commendable boldness of expression, manifested in these paragraphs which all must admire:

"But a very different class of feelings belongs to young persons educated at home, and who, although perhaps they may not be prompt to contend for the foremost positions in society, are wholly unprepared to cringe before arrogance and oppression. They have moreover acquired in seclusion that decisive individuality of temper which impels them on all occasions to search for a reason, satisfactory to themselves, before they bow to the dictates of those who have no right to their submission. Moreover, the bosoms of young persons who have been well trained amid the gentle influences of the domestic circle, and have lived in the intimacy of intelligent and ingenuous parents, and of other adults, are likely to be fraught with profound and delicate sentiments—with the love of truth, of justice, and of honor; and they are therefore equally disinclined either to exercise despotism, or to yield to it. Young men so nurtured under the paternal roof, when, for the first time, they encounter the rude wilfulness, and the selfish violence of vulgar spirits in the open world, may perhaps recoil, and be tempted to leave the field in disgust: but they presently (if not naturally feeble-minded) recover their self-possession, and plant their feet firmly in the path where what is just and good is to be maintained against insolent power or lawless aggression.

"The substantial liberties of a community involve much more than either the bare protection of persons and chattels, or the ample exercise of political rights; for there is a liberty of thought and of speech which



may be curtailed, or almost destroyed, in countries that are the loudest in boasting of their freedom. There is a liberty, moral and intellectual—the true glory of a people, which consists in, and demands the unrestrained expansion of all faculties, the exercise of all talents, and the spontaneous expression of all diversities of taste, and of all forms of individuality. But this high liberty of mind, forfeited often in the very struggle of nations to secure or to extend political liberty, must assuredly be favored by whatever cherishes distinctness of character; and it must as certainly be endangered by whatever breaks down individuality, and tends to impose uniformity upon the whole.

"In this view, a systematic HOME EDUCATION fairly claims no trivial importance, as a means of sending forth, among the school-bred majority, those with whose habits of mind there is mingled a firm and modest sentiment of self-respect—not cynical, but yet unconquerable, resting, as it will upon the steady basis of personal wisdom and virtue. It is men of this stamp who will be the true conservators of their country's freedom.

"It may accord well enough with the designs of the promoters of despotism, whether democratical or monarchial, to recommend or enforce public education, both among the lower and the upper classes: nor indeed could any species of lawless power be secure so long as, from the bosom of many homes—homes sacred to truth and goodness, there were continually coming forth those whose minds have not been drilled to move in rank and file—who wear no livery of opinion, and whose undefined tastes are as decisively opposed, as are their formal principles, to arrogant usurpations of whatever name.

"If we suppose home education to be very rarely practised in a community, while public education should prevail; it must happen that all methods of teaching would tend continually toward uniformity, and would, every year, with fewer exceptions, be ruled—if not actually by law, at least by fashion, until at length, either by statutes, or by usages which none would dare to infringe, the particular course of study, and the modes of instruction, would become every where the same; so that youth, hearing the same things, in the same tone, on all sides, would be moulded into a temper of unthinking acquiescence.

"But, instead of this, only let the practice of home education be mixed, in a fair proportion, throughout a country, with that of public education, and then any such dead uniformity must be broken up. Busy law, or intolerant fashion, may rule absolutely in colleges and schools; but neither the one nor the other will so easily invade families. Family training possesses a spring of diversity; it will be spontaneous in its modes of proceeding, various in its results, as well as in its measures; and will, on these accounts, impart a marked character to those who come under its influence."

So interesting is the infantile period of human life, and so much have the consequences of the proper or erroneous management of the child to do with the condition of the man, that as much as has been said on the subject, it is, yet, very imperfectly understood by the many. Parents will find the best means of cultivating mental science, presented in their children as they prattle on the knee of affection, or conduct their gambols around the nursery, and carry on their disputations, for the right of property in a top or a doll. We may here take the liberty of hinting, what we do not recollect to have ever met with—that it is very probable, we should have more correct views in those books treating of the human mind, had



they been penned by men who either possessed, or profited by, the advantages to which we refer. But we have now to regret the discordant views of intellectual philosophy, with which the world has been furnished by men, who, for the most part, were either the occupants of a bachelor's hall, or, perhaps, too morose and unsocial, to have been essentially advantaged in their studies, by the observation of mental phenomena daily taking place in the world of childlike occupations, and amusements. Our author professes, in his preface, to be *a parent*, and to have studied the laws of infancy, in a close observation of his own children. Such being the case, he will be listened to by parents as one having authority. We, therefore, suffer him to declare his views of infantile education, so far as our limits will permit. In a chapter ON INFANCY he says—

"It has already been observed, that the happiness of children is not a something to be found for them, or created; but a something which they possess by the gift of nature, and in the enjoyment of which they are simply to be protected. In like manner we now say that, as the infant faculties are not our work, so neither is the expansion of them our task: Nature takes care of this nice operation, and has herself surrounded the new-born mind with the best excitements and means of exercise. What remains is only to see to it, that no unfavorable and accidental influence comes in to spoil or to retard the process.

"Those who are not contented with this humble part, and who would fain give some tangible proofs, at once, of their zeal and of their ingenuity, may succeed in putting both beyond doubt; but not in doing better by art, what nature would have done well. Wonders may be achieved; but minds so treated are not substantially, or in a lasting manner benefitted; and if some few ambitious teachers do surprise the world by what they can effect, very many, aiming to do the same without the peculiar talents requisite for the purpose, wear out themselves and their little pupils, in a turmoil of perplexing exercises: and fret day after day, in the midst of a cumbrous apparatus of "means of development;" instead of all this, let us quietly observe what nature is about, and concentrate our cares and endeavors upon the single point of seeing that, while the animal system is consolidating, amid what are the well understood favourable circumstances—the vitality of the mind is preserved, by the gentlest and the most natural excitements. What we aim at is not to produce the mind; but just to ascertain, from day to day, that it is quick, and is in preparation to come forth in its destined season.

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"No doubts ought to be insinuated as to the substantial benefits likely to accrue from the infant-school system—as now amended, and as applied to the wretched and neglected families of great towns. So employed, this system should be regarded altogether as a remedial economy, brought in for the relief of urgent misery: it is doing the best possible under circumstances of a deplorable kind: it is a blessing from above, descending into an abyss of ignorance and destitution. The rule of the infant school system is—To effect the greatest possible good in the shortest possible time, and at the cheapest possible rate. And in carrying out this rule it is necessary to employ every device that may be suggested by a parsimonious ingenuity, and such as shall spread a shining atom of knowledge over a surface astonishingly large."

In continuation, upon the conditions of the first period of life, it is argued that instead of there being—as most philosophers contend—*more* of sheer animality than of intellectuality and moral sensitiveness, in the first years of existence, the very reverse is the fact. Mr. Taylor seems to have examined this question at considerable length. His deductions have driven him to the conclusion, that whilst the disproportion between matter and mind, is greater in childhood, than at adult age, the *preponderancy* is in favor of the former—so that it would appear that *'the man of thirty is, in a philosophic sense, much less remote from the brute than he had been at four or five.'* Many are the arguments deduced in support of this view, which time will not allow us to introduce. The most prominent and lucid, is drawn from phenomena resulting from the play of the *conceptive* faculty. We should be pleased to examine this question closely; for it would not be difficult to convince the reader, that with all his philosophic acumen, he has taken that for granted which is, in fact, not a truth; hence, however correct his opinion may be, he has taken false steps in the premises. We refer to the argument drawn from the restless vivacity and unfeigned joy and merriment of infants. He says—"a child's happiness is the happiness of the *SOUL*, much more than of the body: his joys, instead of staying in the sense, go through and through him; and, just as a babe of three month's old, smiles all over, when it smiles at all, *AND KICKS WITH MERRIMENT*, so does a child enjoy what he enjoys, with a throb of his very faculty."

Now so forcible are such homely and familiar comparisons, that we are too apt to permit the mind, to be drawn from an examination of the abstract principle intended to be elucidated, to dwell on the beautiful or forcible picture presented before the imagination. For this reason it were well to guard the reader against being misled by suddenly conceived and vividly expressed views of questions connected with the all-important science of mind. As it respects the above inference, the facts stated, stand as the strongest proofs of the opposing doctrine, which teaches the superabundance or preponderance of the animal nature in the condition of infancy. Let us call in the aid of analogy—whose necessity and utility are so manifest in all the writings of this learned author—and see what she will indicate in comparing the characteristics of animals lower in the scale, with those of humanity. A simple syllogism will convince us of the fallacy of our author's conclusions. The argument would logically stand thus: That period of life in which there exists a preponderance of the intellectual and moral faculties, over the mere animal—of mind over matter—is the one that is most remarkable for sprightliness and playfulness of temper. These are more strikingly manifested in infancy; therefore in infancy this preponderancy takes place. But the lamb is more playful and frisky than the parent sheep: therefore, the former is most intellectual. We see that the deduction this writer has made, is not legitimate; because the same arguments which ascribe *intellectuality* to the infant, indicate its existence in the *LAMB* likewise. He unfortunately took it for granted, that the qualities of which we have been treating, are

peculiar to the child alone, when such is not, really, the fact. The consequences of this mode of reasoning, would be the obliteration of that line of demarkation, which we suppose our author, as well as most modern philosophers, would draw between the sentient powers of man and other animals. He will, moreover, find it difficult to convince the great majority of his readers, that there is not a far more of sheer ANIMALITY in the infant than the man—in other words, that the preponderance of mind over matter, does not increase with years, in a ratio proportioned to the degree of exercise to which the mental faculties may be subjected.

The object, however, had in view, (which he has attained by other proofs,) was a demonstration of the error of that educational process which aims at a forced and rapid expansion of the mental faculties, under an apprehension of danger in trusting them, in a measure, to their SPONTANEOUS efforts, and of teachers merely acting the part of protectors and guides,—seeing that no contravening, or blasting, influences should be permitted to arrest the gradual expansion of the buds of thought. Indeed the instructor of children, whether the mother or substitute, may be not improperly compared to a florist, who finds his chief duties to consist in the *protection* of his flowers.

We shall only notice one or two more points of the subject. In a chapter on “mental diversities,”—in which may be found much to interest those engaged in educational pursuits,—we have many facts which are elicited in favor of that plan of instruction of which this author is so warm an advocate, viz: the observation of mental diversities, in order to the adaptation of studies to the peculiar intellectual and physical conformation of children. It is plain he is, by no means, friendly to that indiscriminating system, which proposes the acquirement of the dead languages as an invariable condition of an academic or collegiate course. The following will indicate the current of his argument:

“I have already more than once spoken of the cruelty of forcing a classical education (or the appearance of it, for the substance is utterly out of the question) upon minds of a thoroughly ordinary stamp. No practical error more egregious is perhaps to be met with in the common conduct of mankind, than this. Youths wronged at school in this manner, but yet not wanting in plain good sense, are seen to expel resentfully from their memories, every trace of the ignominy and torment they have been subjected to, the instant they find themselves fairly out of the reach of the cane and ferula.

“But there is a world of things that may be learned, and relished too, by children of very ordinary minds. Is it so that Horace, Virgil, and Homer are the door-keepers of the temple of knowledge?—we trow not; and, in fact, with or without the leave of these worthies, we will find an entrance for our numerous class of the NON-INTELLECTUAL. I am firmly persuaded that the general intelligence of the community would be very visibly increased, in the course of a few years, if the common sense principle were every where adopted, of saving all the time squandered upon the bootless attempt to teach the classics to common-minded boys; and if the same precious months and years were rationally employed in conveying the sort of education which such would gladly and gratefully accept.”



The latter part of this volume is taken up with a consideration of the *conceptive faculty* in view of the uses of language, in which some peculiar exercises are recommended, for the classification and acquirement of descriptive words, with rules for the training of the sense of RESEMBLANCE and RELATION, and the *perception of analogy*, and a classification of *analogical terms*; and, lastly, a chapter on *analogical evidence*, with whose laws no one has had more to do than our author, who may be considered the best analogical reasoner of the age. Much is said concerning books suitable for children of either sex, and at different stages of their progress; and some exercises are recommended for children which, all who read his opinions, will deem little suited to their capacities, and far better adapted to men. Such is particularly the case with the *etymological processes* he recommends. However, all of his views are characterised by such a degree of scientific research, and and closeness of reasoning, that no one, who enjoys mental labor, will grow weary in the perusal of his thoughts. Perhaps, no late writer of the same class, has been encouraged by so extended a circulation, both in Europe and this country. We sincerely hope that his volumes will have a tendency to re-mould the public taste, and incline it towards a class of books too seldom read. It cannot be, that men would continue to neglect the cultivation of moral and intellectual science, were they, only, to keep before their minds, the fact, that apart from the high and noble aim of acquiring the most useful of all human knowledge, their study insures the most effectual training to the very faculties of which they treat.

We have a word for the American publishers of "Home Education." After we have said that the press-work and paper, as well as binding, are very neat, we have declared all in approbation that truth and duty will allow. There is too much evidence of a design to swell the volume, at the expense of its author and the public. In many parts—especially through the preface—there is an arrangement of paragraphs, which is calculated to break up, completely, the chain of thought, and destroy the force of argument. If the deceptive appearance of a book thus expanded, argue dishonesty towards the purchaser, how much more injurious must it be to the AUTHOR, whose thoughts are thus mangled by vulturous publishers, who seize upon and devour him without mercy. I commiserate the foreign writer whose work falls into the hands of such men, from purchase of a single copy instead of the COPY-RIGHT, to have his ideas expressed in words he never used, and obscured by mechanical punctuations, and tumefactions of volume, such as have been the fate of this valuable production.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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THE PRINCE AND THE PEDLAR; OR THE SIEGE OF BRISTOL. By the Author of "The Heiress," "The Merchant's Daughter," &c. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1839.

It is well known that a large portion of the community, are inimical to the class of books styled *novels*. Now, when we come to examine into the secret views from which their opposition results, they will be found to admit of a classification. We shall, at present, merely notice two classes: One of these, includes such as do not understand the nature of this species of literature, nor of the mental agencies employed in its preparation. They receive their opinions through those on whose judgments they are wont to rely, instead of examining for themselves. We allude to those whose prejudices are based upon religious principles, to which they imagine novels are diametrically opposed. They have imbibed their thoughts, on the subject, from the minds of the ministry, many of whom, denounce this class of writing from ignorance of their real nature. It is not our intention to argue this point; yet it would not be, at all, difficult, to prove that in this very matter, as in many others, the clergy—we do not speak of them *indiscriminately*—are suffered to exert an influence undue and unwarrantable. Nor will the mass arrive at a correct view of questions, either in literature, or morals, until they determine, with a just sense of their individual responsibility, to examine for themselves.

As it regards the influences of the *imagination*, which we have declared to be misunderstood, we merely hint that, it is not, in any sense, a CREATIVE faculty. If essential to our aim we might, readily, demonstrate, that its labors consist, for the most part, if not entirely, in a RE-ARRANGEMENT of ideas and facts, which existed under different combinations—that it seizes, so to speak, the fragments of thought, and places them together, in some new order in which they may not have presented themselves to the mind of the reader. Or to return to the first figure: The imaginative writer may be viewed as a chemist, whose business consists in preparing various compounds from the commixture of the many elementary principles within his reach. He CREATES nothing.

But another class of readers, whose opposition to novels we shall briefly notice, are those who reject this portion of our literature, not from ignorance of fictitious authors, but from fear of encouraging the circulation of what has, not inappropriately, been styled "TRASH." They think the evils of modern fictions can, never, be

separated from their benefits. Now the only mode by which this class can be reconciled, is the accomplishment of their wishes—the purification of our light literature. If it were in place, many suggestions might be offered in view of this object. We content ourselves with one we had in contemplation in the opening of this notice: We have looked with painful solicitude, upon the evils of the press in the hands of unprincipled and avaricious publishers of our own country and Europe; and we are prepared to say, that there is no better remedy than the steady perseverance of those authors and publishers, whose aim is the presentation of novels of an elevated, and moral tone, though their pecuniary gains may not be so enlarged as they would be by the publication of much of the *trash* under which the press groans, and correct taste is smothered. A *substitutive* system, which shall aim at displacing this with a sound literature, is our only hope. Nor are we among those who fear the failure of such an experiment. We cannot persuade ourselves, that the period is remote, when the common-place, caricaturing delineations of a “Boz” with which we have little patience, shall have given place to more elevated sentiments and a more chaste style. The vulgar adage—“laugh and grow fat”—may be based upon observation, so far as the corporeal structure is concerned; but, if we have not erred very much in our predictions, the unavoidable result of so much AMUSEMENT, will be a pauperism of *mind*, which all must, at last, regret.

The “Prince and the Pedlar,” is a novel of the class in whose influences we so much confide. It is strictly historical; and designed to illustrate the times of CROMWELL, when the ROYALISTS, and INDEPENDENTS enacted their disgraceful scenes. Without the usual fashionable delay, it opens with the “Siege of Bristol,” which, it will be recollected, took place on the 24th July, 1643, and introduces the individuals who figured in those turbulent times, for the most part, by their real names. There seems to be a close adherence to historical facts, which renders the work, in places, a little tedious; yet the rivalry, faithfulness, and disappointments of love, are so ingeniously interwoven with war and bloodshed, that no one will be disappointed, who takes up the book, for profit and excitement combined. The period of English history embraced in the plot, is one of thrilling interest, and has furnished rich materials from which the historian, the novelist, and the poet, have all selected something for the supply of their wants.

RELIGION OF THE BIBLE, in Select Discourses. By Thomas H. Skinner. New York: John S. Taylor, 1839.

This volume is made up of a series of sermons delivered, from time to time, in Mercer St. Church, New York, of which the author is the valued pastor. So far as our hasty examination will enable us to decide, these discourses denote an observant mind disposed to view christianity as related to the business-world, in its true light. There is no doubt, were the real nature of religion properly understood, many who, now, reject its claims, could be

induced to acknowledge them, and to derive from it, those principles which would be found the surest directories of life. Christianity has, too frequently, been looked upon as a something disconnected from the ordinary business of life—nay as opposed to business habits and worldly prosperity. Such as make these false estimates, should be led to understand that “the religion of the Bible,” so far from being, in reality averse to prosperity in the present life, points out the paths in which it is to be sought with certainty of attainment. It is certainly true, that those who think of religion as connected with the church and the sabbath, with prayers and sermons, have greatly erred: for there is as much piety in a due and seasonable devotion to one’s legitimate worldly duties, as in the perusal of the scriptures or the delivery of a homily, provided each claims our attention in due order.

The views of our author, corroborate this statement, and are calculated to effect a good purpose when presented to the public in a book-form. We confess we approve of the publication of practical sermons. It has the effect of diffusing the arguments of divines, more widely than by a mere oral presentation, because the number of persons, even in our largest congregations, is restricted, in comparison with that of the readers, into whose hands an attractive volume,—such as the publisher has rendered this—would fall by choice or accident.

Yet there is one fact of which Mr. Taylor has evidently lost sight, in the issue of this work. Religious productions should be presented in the *cheapest* form consistent with neatness. They are intended for the many, not the few—for the poorer rather than the more wealthy classes with whom the price is no object. Now we must speak plainly on this point. The type used in this instance, is unnecessarily large, whilst *leads* have been too freely introduced, to amplify the work. Had the ordinary plan been taken, this volume which now retails for one dollar, could have been disposed of profitably at three-fourths of the sum. We speak thus plainly, in relation to this matter, as those desiring to discountenance a custom which the community are too apt to pass by as “a mere trick of the trade.”

**LIFE’S LESSONS: A Narrative.** By the Author of “*Tales That Might Be True.*” New York: John S. Taylor, 1839.

Nothing can excel the issues of Mr. Taylor, in *neatness* of typography and binding. The volume before us is sent out in a dress worthy of an annual: The cloth is impressed with a neat border, and embellished with a bunch of roses in gold leaf, that renders the book very attractive. We sincerely hope the publisher may meet with the success his enterprising spirit deserves.

Those who wish to make a present to their daughters which will cost but little, and, yet, prove valuable, should purchase “*Life’s Lessons*” for the purpose. It is a religious novel, (we almost regret having declared that fact, for fear we shall prevent its circulation) and one full of useful admonitions to young ladies reared in affluence—to whom the word *want* appears unmeaning.



The life of the heroine, who is made to narrate the incidents herself, admirably illustrates the proverb of Solomon, which says: 'Pride goeth before a fall.' She was a young lady of wealthy and influential parentage; but by her haughtiness and extravagance, inducing the bankruptcy of her father,—whose domestic affairs after the death of her mother, were entrusted to her management,—she was soon reduced to poverty. His bankruptcy, as she confesses, was produced by a prodigality into which she insensibly glided. She finally was reduced to the humiliating station of a preceptress, or governess, having, in the interim, borne the mortification of seeing even the portrait of her father, sold for debt.

The follies of life depicted in this volume, are too common in our day; and we fear that many a fair one who reads this notice, will secretly confess, that her own career would attest many of the sentiments likely to be met with in such a book.

**THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND: Their Social Duties and Domestic Habits. By Mrs. Ellis.**

The above is the title of a work received from E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia, containing 212 pages, 12mo. Judging from the character of thoughts at which we have glanced, we do not fear to commend it,—in advance of a more lengthy notice,—to the perusal of the class of readers for whom it was, doubtless, intended. The general laws of female duty, of which the writer treats, will be found applicable to the women of AMERICA as well as those of England; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, the volume will be found to contain many animadversions upon the follies of the age, which every reflecting lady must confess well-timed and just, however much she may wince at their reception. Mrs. Ellis has written several books, with the titles of "The Poetry of Life," "Pictures of Private Life," "Pretension," &c.—whose influences could not have been otherwise than salutary.

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**DEFERRED NOTICES.**

We have received a valuable treatise on Dentistry, by Dr. C. A. Harris, of this city, which we shall notice in our next issue, and, in the meantime, commend to all professors of the dental art; also, "ANTHON'S FIRST LESSONS IN LATIN," from Harper & Brothers, which is under examination—"AMERICAN EDUCATION," from Mr. Taylor—"JACK ADAMS, THE MUTINEER," from Messrs. Carey & Hart—"DAWES' POEMS," from Mr. Colman, besides several less important works, and one or two addresses in pamphlet form; the notices of which we are compelled to postpone. We promise to relieve our table of them all, next month. Some of them may be nothing advantaged by their removal from their present retirement in our sanctum, although we promise to handle them with care.